JOHN BULL, MAY 28, 1932.

A £1 GIFT FOR YOU SEE CENTRE PAGES

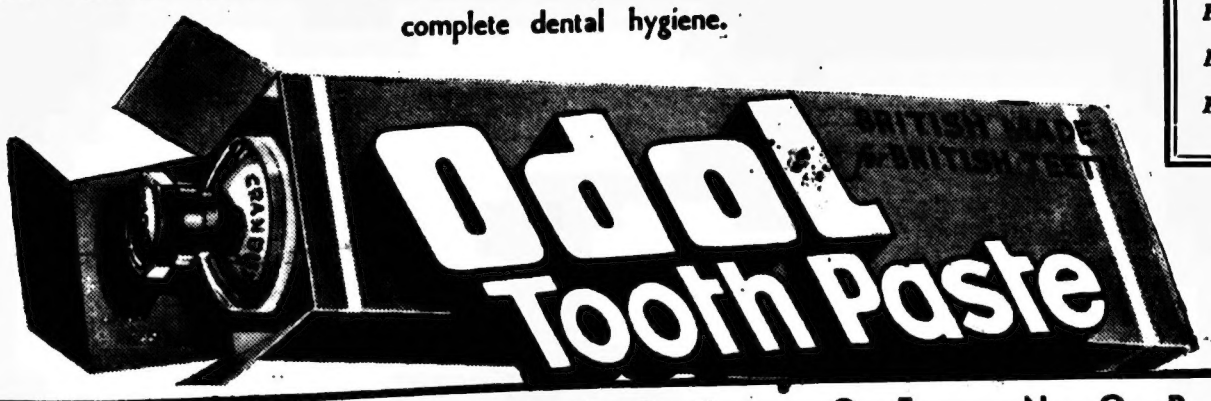
JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE
Vol. LI.
1354.

"Look how white Odol has made them"

"Now you'll be proud to show your teeth—see how white and sparkling Odol has made them. That's the way to keep your mouth clean and healthy—use Odol Tooth Paste twice a day and it will gently remove all stains and discoloration." The powerful antiseptic qualities of Odol Tooth Paste are unique in their ability to check harmful dental bacteria, prevent decay and provide all that is necessary for complete dental hygiene.

IN TUBES
Family Size 1/9
Large Size 1/-
Popular Size 6d.



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Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MONEY

COCHRANE & SONS help you to make money. Children's Vests, 4/11 per doz. Ladies' Art. Silk Hose, 7/11 doz. Genuine Tremola Shirts, 2 Collars, 3/11 each. Boys' ribbed Jerseys, 12/- Coats. Ladies' Overalls, 7/6 doz. Hundreds of Bargains in our Warehouse. Wholesale only. Quarter dozens supplied. Come and see us or write for Catalogue, post free.—COCHRANE & SONS 1, THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time; every kind; good profits; 200-page Catalogue free.—May (17J) George St., Birmingham.

80-PAGE WHOLESALE Drapery Catalogue, Post Free. Perfect and Reputable goods of Quality and Value. Keenest Prices. All Depts. Ladies' Men's, Child's Household Satisfaction guaranteed. Wholesale only to the Trade.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.) Ltd., 7 Trinity St., Leeds.

MAKE MONEY by selling our Lovely Ladies' Necklets, etc.; inexpensive; wonderful value; good profits; parties, free.—ORIENTAL NECKLET CO., 66, Kirk Street, Huddersfield.

SAFETY Razor Blades, Leading Makes, at Keenest Prices. Send for List and Save L.S.D. M. Radnan, 6, Stockport Rd., Ardwick, M'chester.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

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£3 TO £10 WEEKLY easily earned selling fish packed 2 lb. boxes ready for delivery. Capital required £3. Full particulars, THE FISHERIES, LTD., BILLINGSGATE, HULL.

FREE Gift all enquirers. XMAS AGENTS wtd. Chocs., Toys, Fancy Goods, enquirers. Original Tate Xmas Club (Dept. J.B.), Dock St., Leeds.

AGENTS. Exceptional line Embossed Stationery (No dies required). Repeats certain. Samples 6d.—Koris, 17P., Crescent, Birmingham.

AGENTS. Form Oak Club now for Xmas. Choc., Toys, Cutlery, Watches, Fancy Goods, etc. Big Cash Comm. Catalogues free.—OAK CLUBS, 123E, Oak Lane, Bradford.

AGENTS wanted to form Weekly Clubs. Large selection Personal and Household Goods. Big Cash Bonus. Postages paid. Particulars from PULLAN'S DIRECT SUPPLY CO., LTD., 209, Kirkstall Road, Leeds.

EATONIAN XMAS CLUB again leads for Value, Variety, Service and Highest Possible Comm. Chocs., Cigs., Fancy Goods, Toys, etc. Free Gifts every Agent. Huge Cash Prize. Send P.C. for 200-page Art Catlg. No Outlay.—Eaton & Co. (Dept. A), Lower Wortley, Leeds.

THERE IS NO EASIER WAY OF INCREASING YOUR INCOME than by handling our Packet Teas. The standout quality will enable you to create a ready sale to your friends at wholesale prices. Special terms to those in large works. Write to-day for particulars, MORNSIDE TEA CO., Kingsley House, Harp Lane, London, E.C.3.

AGENTS and House-to-House Canvassers. Wonderful new 6d. line. Sells at sight. Big profits. Send 3d. for sample and terms.—PENN, Dept. X, 682, Holloway Rd., London, N.19.

EMPLOYMENT.

"WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN?" This was advice given to a man dissatisfied with his earnings and future prospects. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Attwood, and to-day he is drawing £600 a year. Suitable men can be trained by Mr. Attwood by post in their spare time. Send to-day for 24-page book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," post free on request.—THE WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE, 26T., Bedford Row, LONDON, W.C.1. (Phone: Chancery 7526.)

MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening **FREE** employment Dept. CALL (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W. (Corner Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House).

BEGINNERS & Traders free w'sale Catalogue, any quantity supplied.—Empire Hosiery Co., Empire House, St. Martin's-le-Grand, E.C.1.

POLICE RECRUITS. Commencing pay now £2 18s per week rising to £4 5s. 9d. Ages 19-27. Height over 5 ft. 9 in. Those interested in joining should send for free details of entrance requirements of City, County & Borough Forces from B.T.I., 29b, Oxford St., London, W.1.

BUY British Hosiery w'sale to sell again, 60% profit. Any quantity. Cat free.—Trunit Hosiery Co., Textile Exch., St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.

CIVIL SERVICE. For details of openings, age limits, salaries, entrance Exams, etc., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upwards), write for free Handbook to B.T.I., Dept. 311, 29, Oxford Street, W.1.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commence about £4 10s. Age 17-23. Excellent prospects. Free details of entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T., 29k, Oxford St., W.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. Advertisements inserted in 50 Provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60.—Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads from 3/6. Handbills, Cards, Posters. Equally as Cheap. Samples free.—Pearsons, Church Rd., Portsmouth.

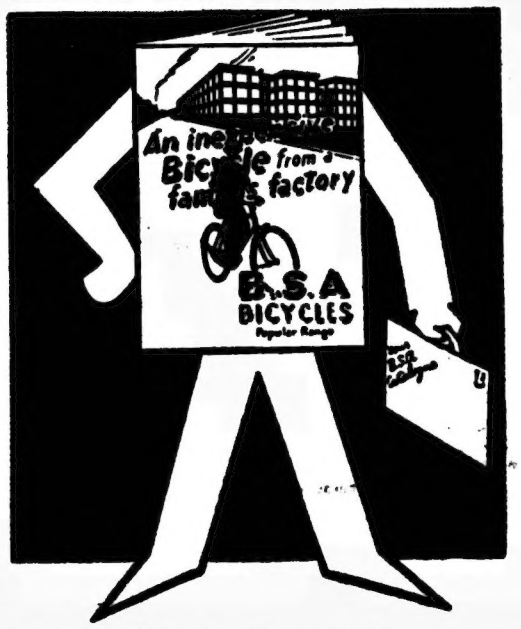
BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52 TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1¼ lb. 4/8, for Socks, etc. Grey Heather, etc., 3/4 lb., post free. Patts. Wools, Serges, Tweeds, Egerton Burnetts W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

HAVE you bought your GILLETTE OUTFIT yet? Safety Razor, 3 Blades, and full size tube of Shaving Cream, all made by Gillette, complete for 2/6. See page 23.

FREE. Fill in the coupon in the "BERKELEY" CHAIR advt. on page 27, and get full particulars of this wonderful Home Comfort that can be yours for 5/- down and 5/- monthly. An excellent Catalogue, and Patterns, will be sent by return. The Chair illustrated is the famous "BERKELEY" HOME MODEL, which for quality, value, beauty and durability is unbeatable. All "BERKELEY" Chair models are sold under a guarantee. Send the coupon now while you think of it.



I'm ready—only waiting for you to send the coupon

I want to come and tell you all about B.S.A. Bicycles.

I want to tell you what wonderful value for money they are.

I want to tell you all about the many outstanding B.S.A. features—B.S.A. central pull Brakes; B.S.A. Free Wheel; B.S.A. Pedals; Dunlop Tyres, etc.

I want to tell you how easily you can buy a B.S.A. out of your weekly pay envelope.

You need my help if you want a new Bicycle. Send the coupon NOW, so that I can hurry to your address.

B.S.A. CYCLES, Ltd., 63, Small Heath, Birmingham.

Please send B.S.A. Bicycle Catalogue

B.S.A. BICYCLES

Prices from £4.19.6 or 2/2 A WEEK

Name.....

Address.....

WALLPAPERS. Specially selected Free Book Wallpapers will cover your requirements.—Eclipse Wallpapers, Shields Road, Newcastle-Tyne.

LEATHER FOR BOOT MENDING, Finest Butt Leather, Puritan Brand. Trial parcel post free 5/-. Cash and return postage if dissatisfied.—CHRISTIE, Wellington Bldgs., Strand, Liverpool.

WALLPAPERS, from Mills, from 2½d. roll. New designs. Patterns, cost free.—Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Rd., Manchester.

FREE. To advertise new 2/6 Gillette Razor we give absolutely free, Shaving Brush 1/9, Soap 1/3, 3 Blades 1/-, Folding Scissors 1/3, Utility Knife for old blades. Send Now 2/6, post 3d.—JOEL, 18, Lincoln Street, E.3.

THE FAMOUS "Amprico" Watches for Men now obtainable for 1/- down. See advertisement on foot of page facing.

SEVERAL CYCLE OFFERS appear in this issue. FREE CATALOGUES and literature can be obtained from SELFRIDGE (page 14); O'BRIEN (page 34); GRAVES (page 31); B.S.A. (on this page).

IF you would like further particulars of the PIFCO "SHARPEX" RAZOR BLADE SHARPENER, as advertized, send to the firm for a leaflet, or see it demonstrated at any of the Stores mentioned in the advt. on page 29.

DRAGE'S offer their FREE CATALOGUE OF FURNITURE and particulars of their 50-Pay-Way for approved accounts on page 25. Simply fill in the coupon.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES & Radiograms. How to make cheaply. Motors 7/6, Kits, parts or sets. 64-pp. ill. drawings 3d. Regentbull, 120, Old St., Ldn., EC1.

FREEMANS CASH OR CREDIT

CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.

Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA. EMPIRE BLENDED, at pre-duty prices and quality. 4 lbs. 4/8. Carr. paid. Agents wntd.—Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, West Ham.

DRESS.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 50/-, 75 Home-made garments. Worth £5. Hand-made Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Ferry Nightkins, Vests, Barras Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc. Everything complete and ready for use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers send 5/- for parcel on appro (bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

HOW to dress well on 10/- or £1 per month. A solution appears on page 29. SMARTWEAR, LTD., offer a beautiful illustrated Catalogue. Women readers should write to Dept. A.32, Gentlemen to Dept. C.61.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE. (J8)

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly removing the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address: Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (482F), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Trouble etc. cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-, Bottle, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool, Sp. 3d.

PSORIASIS, ECZEMA.—Our New Scientific Remedy kills these irritating Skin Diseases completely while you sleep. Immediate relief. Send for Free Booklet. Ridalex (Chemists), Ltd., Dept. J., 242, Lytham Road, Blackpool, S.S.

RHEUMATISM. A real remedy at last! Tested and tried. New discovery, astonishing results. "Niapon" Tablets, 1/3 per bottle, with full directions, post free. Direct from THE LABORATORY, 680, Romford Road, LONDON, E.12, or any Chemist.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on useless patent medicines. Send 3d. for my book on the cure of weak nerves.—H. RAVEN (J.B.88), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

A GENEROUS sample of WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER for babies, which breaks up wind, promotes digestion and restful sleep, will be sent to readers filling in the coupon in the advt. on page 33.

A FREE SAMPLE of "ITSIT," which banishes all foot troubles, is offered in the advt. on page 30. Mention *John Bull* when writing.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return.—Bentley & Co., 10, New Bond St., London, W.1.

ANY Kind Old Gold, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, Platinum Scrap bought. Highest cash per return.—Bells, Headrow, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RATS CANNOT ESCAPE THE FATAL EFFECTS OF RODINE. THEY LIKE IT, EAT IT AND DIE. RODINE NEVER FAILS. 7½d. AND 1/3, ALL CHEMISTS OR RODINE WORKS, PERTH (POST 3d. EXTRA).

DUKE'S JELLIED ALMONDS.
Give yourself a treat.
Improved flavours. Buy DUKE'S.

FREE. A wonderful miniature Beauty treatment of ICILMA PREPARATIONS, comprising Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Flesh-tinted Cream, is offered to every woman reader who sends 3d. in stamps to cover postage, etc., to Icilma, Dept. 23, 39, King's Road, St. Pancras, London, N.W.1. See page 22.

£100 IN PRIZES is offered by ARMOUR'S on page 22. Particulars are given in the advt.

HOLIDAYS! Some suggestions are offered by the L.M.S. in a number of announcements appearing in this issue. Send for the illustrated booklets which will be mailed free of charge to all those who write to the Town Clerks of the various resorts. It would be advisable to mention *John Bull* when writing. *See* pages 14, 16, 27, 29, 31 and 36.

FULL protection for the family, or an income, or a definite capital sum assured, for small regular payments. Fill in the coupon in the PEARL ASSURANCE advt. on page 16 for full particulars of their special plan. Safeguard your future and fill in the coupon now.

A FREE DE LUXE BEAUTY OUTFIT of TOKALON PREPARATIONS is offered on page 32 to all women readers sending 3d. in stamps to the address given in the advt.

TWO sample offers—one for men, the other for women—appear in the GIBBS' DENTAL PRICE advt. on page 16. Complete the coupon for whichever free sample outfit is required.

GIVE the children a treat! KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES are easy to digest, serve for breakfast, lunch or evening meal, no cooking required. See page 29.

FROM 5/6 Per Month DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT

THAT SHED You Need

For storing Tools, Cycles, Frams, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections, strong planed, moulded, rebated weatherboards. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash or 6 Payments	or 12
6 ft. x	4 ft. x	6½ ft.	£2 0 0	10/6	5/6
6 ft. x	6 ft. x	6½ ft.	£4 11 0	15/11	8/4
8 ft. x	7 ft. x	7½ ft.	£6 7 6	22/4	11/8

BIG CATALOGUE of Portable Buildings Free.

F. & H. SUTCLIFFE, LTD., 82, Wood Top, Holden Bridge, Yorks. London Showrooms, 40-42, Oxford St.

ALL ROUND VALUE

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

A SQUARE GUARANTEE

FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 14.

REAL VALUE!

SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

2 Woolly Blankets 60x80
2 Strong Sheets 60x80
2 White Pillow Slips 30x18
1 White Bolster Case 58x20
1 Art. Bedspread 60x60
2 Coloured Turkish Towels
1 Damask Table Cloth
2 Check Glass Cloths
2 Chamois Polishers
1 Pr. Art. Silk Stockings
3 Dainty Handkerchiefs
1 Lady's Printed Overall

Carr. Free. 20/- Cash or C.O.D.

No further Payments.

FREE GIFT of a handsome WADDED DOWN QUILT sent with each bale.

Satisfaction or moneyback

PATON MILL Co., Dept. C.1, Paton St., MANCHESTER.

IT'S THE SOLES THAT KEEP OUT THE WET

INSIST ON REPAIRS WITH

PURITAN LEATHER SOLES

Longer Wear—Greater Comfort

Free Footprint Booklet from CVS.24.

Free Offer-last 7 days

You may obtain this handsome solid Oak BED-CHAIR or many other useful Chairs or Settees absolutely free of cost. Send to-day for full list and particulars. This is no catch. Just a genuine method of advertising our Chairs and Settees, all of which have the additional advantage of having spring seats. Send at once. Offer open for 7 days more only. Agents wanted everywhere. Largest Commission ever offered. Send for new coloured catalogue J.

NORTH BUCKS TRADING Co, Ltd. 58, Shaftesbury Av., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

BABY-CLOTHES

A CHARMING HOME-MADE LONG-CLOTHES LAYETTE 30/-

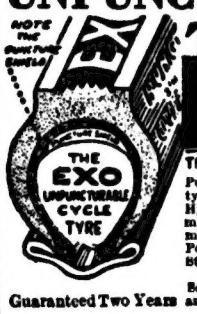
(Everything necessary and ready for use.)

76 beautiful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Hab. Robes, Lovra or Wincey, Day Gowns, L'cloth, Flan. or Wincey Nighties, Wrapper Vests, Back Flannels, Hand-Knitted Wool Matinee Coats, Binders, Feeders, Turk Napkins, etc. Every purchaser delighted. Satisfaction guaranteed. SEND 2/- for parcel on approval, then judge yourself. (Bal. cash or terms.)

MRS. J. B. HOWARD, 66, Dover Rd., Portsmouth.

Another purchaser writes:—"Both myself and husband are delighted. Every expectant mother should know of your most genuine and exceptional Baby-clothes Bargain."

UNPUNCTURABLE TYRES 3/11



THOUSANDS SOLD AT 8/6

Punctures defied. A masterpiece of tyre construction. Made by new Hydraulic Process—50 per cent. more mileage guaranteed. Shouts of testimonials. TRIAL PRICE 3/11. Post 7d. Two for 8/3, post paid. State size.

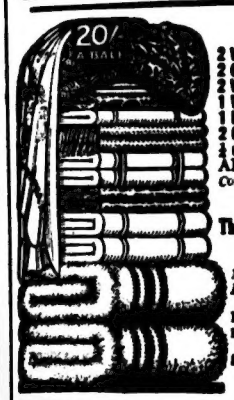
Money back terms.

Send for FREE catalogue of Cycles and Parts. 5/- in the £ saving.

Trade enquiries invited.

Guaranteed Two Years

MOORHOUSE'S, Dept. 88 PADIHAM, Lancs.



SALE!!

2 White Woolly Blankets	90 x 70
2 Good Cotton Sheets	90 x 70
2 White Pillow Slips	30 x 18
1 White Bolster Case	58 x 18
1 Beautiful Bedspread	80 x 60
2 Coloured Turkish Towels	
1 doz. Dainty Handkerchiefs	

ALL DOUBLE BED SIZE

Compare sizes before buying elsewhere.

The Lot 20/- Carr. Free.

Cash or C.O.D.

Money back if not satisfied.

A Handsome Wadded DOWN QUILT Free with each Bale. Also pair Art. Silk Hose free if Cash with order.

STANDARD (MURMAX), Ltd., Dept. K.6, 191, Princess Street, Manchester.

£5 COMMISSION ON A 20-WEEK CLUB

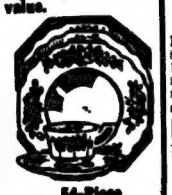
THE HIGHEST PAID SPARE-TIME OPPORTUNITY

Earn a large regular income and be free from money worries. Our Commission terms always ahead of others. Become an agent for

THE "B.B.B." CLUB

the Super-Club that Pays SUPER COMMISSION.

ORGANISERS REQUIRED IN EVERY DISTRICT to form our popular 20-week clubs. Earn Big Money in your spare time without effort, outlay or worry. To do yourselves and your pockets full justice, prospective organisers and organisers of other clubs should not fail to send for particulars and 192-page catalogue showing the wonderful goods of the "B.B.B." Club—Britain's Best Bargains—and see for yourselves that our commission terms are now the highest paid and our goods better value.



L. & C. MOSS, (Dept. C), 36, Cannel Street, Ancoats, MANCHESTER.

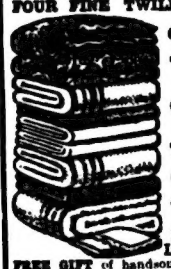
MONSTER BEDDING BARGAIN

CARR PAID 40/-

WITH FREE GIFT OF HANDSOME TWELVE-PIECE CUTLERY SET.

The value of our Bedding Bales is well known, but the contents of the Monster Bales now offered exceeds by far anything offered previously. The quantity of articles has been doubled, but the quality remains the same. Every article in this Bale is guaranteed British Made.

ONE Art DOWN QUILT (Sateen cover and panels).
FOUR ENGLISH-MADE WHITE WOOLLY BLANKETS, whipped and bordered.
FOUR FINE TWILL SHEETS, real Lancashire woven, soft and durable.



ONE lovely ALHAMBRA QUILT.
TWO PILLOW CASES, pure White Longcloth, hemmed and buttoned.
ONE BOLSTER CASE, pure White Longcloth, hemmed and buttoned.
TWO STRIPED TURKISH TOWELS.
ONE FLORAL BEDROOM RUG.
TWO PAIRS CASEMENT CURTAINS, or PAIR of long NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS.

FREE GIFT of handsome 12-piece Cutlery Set comprising 3 Sheffield Stainless Dessert Knives, also 3 Dessert Forks, 3 Dessert Spoons, and 3 Teaspoons, all in good quality Stainless Nickel. Nicely packed in an attractive case.

40/- Carriage Paid

EXTRA GIFT *of a charming* CLOCK *suitable for any room, if full cash sent with order.*

This Bale can be purchased by easy instalments. Send for particulars.

Treasury Notes should be registered.

Money refunded if not satisfied.

L. & C. MOSS, (Dept. 25), 36, Cannel Street, Ancoats, MANCHESTER.

"South Western" HUTS & GARAGES

AND SECTIONAL BUILDINGS—ALL KINDS

GARAGES:
10' x 7' ... £6.12.0
15' x 9' ... £12.1.0

HUTS:
6' x 5' ... £3.16.0
8' x 5' ... £4.10.6
12' x 7' ... £8.11.0

7" Planed Rebated Weatherboard.

CARRIAGE PAID

DEFERRED TERMS ARRANGED.

Write now for illustrated Catalogue.

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. (1929), Ltd., Dept. JB., High Street, Fulham, S.W.6. Putney 2771

"READICUT" RUG WOOL

SPECIAL OFFER BLACK 6-PLY Clearing Line 9d. PER LB.

Send a postcard for

1/- RUG BOOK & SAMPLES FREE

Including 12 coloured Rug designs, Wools, Canvas, etc. 6 fold and Cable in Black and 80 shades.

READICUT WOOL CO. Dept. J.B., OSSETT YORKS.

£6 COMMISSION

FOR FORMING A NATIONAL BENEFIT CLUB.

A WONDERFUL MONEY EARNING OPPORTUNITY.

YOU CAN EARN BIG MONEY EASILY WITHOUT ANY OUTLAY OR EXPERIENCE. MEN AND WOMEN WANTED in every town to form 1/- Weekly Clubs for our wonderful goods. Thousands of marvellous Bargains in Furniture, Bedding, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Furs, Jewellery, Household Goods, etc., etc., from 5/- upwards. IMPORTANT NOTICE.—To all prospective Club Agents, also Agents of other Clubs: IT WILL PAY YOU to become an organiser for our Clubs as you will not only EARN MONEY FOR YOURSELF, but find it much easier to get members as we provide better value than any other firm.

A typical National Club Bargain. Reclining Arm Chair, two Velvet Cushions, only 10/-

Send Post Card (penny stamp) NOW for Catalogues and particulars.

THE NATIONAL BENEFIT STORES, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), Pollard Street, Ancoats, Manchester.

TRUSSES ABOLISHED

The Great British RUPTURE Treatment supported by the MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Send for Free Booklet of the most wonderful appliance for relief from Rupture. Not a truss, but a neat, washable little belt with a pad you inflate in a second to the pressure required. Adjusted in a moment. Cannot slip out of place. So light and comfortable that you will not know you have it on. It holds the Hernia firmly so that in nearly every case the broken tissues reunite, and the rupture is conquered for ever. Doctors everywhere recommend it and "The Lancet" has endorsed it. Write now to:—

BEASLEY SURGICAL APPLIANCE CO. Dept. 208J, 26, Charing Cross Rd., London.

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a

15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who

Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

Chas. T. Robey

CYCLE WAREHOUSE, DEPT. 24, COVENTRY

SLIM SAFELY

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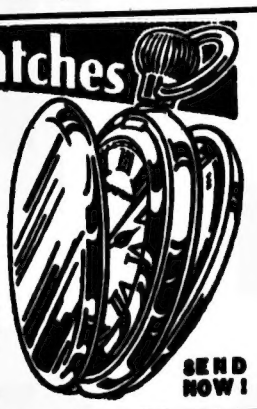

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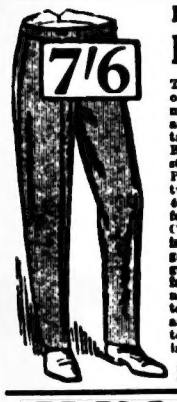

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WIVES *without* MERCY

He is pinioned inescapably by a band of gold

A FILE of men passed through the dock of the police court at Bolton, Lancashire, recently.

They were just such a company as may be seen in any police court every week—men who refuse or are unable to comply with orders for the maintenance of wives from whom they are separated.

Like his judicial colleagues everywhere else, the Bolton magistrate had no option but to send the men one by one to jail for their default.

There was but one exception. He stepped into the dock—careworn and penniless. His name was **William Henry Hampson.**

A Manchester barrister, Mr. J. Warden Stansfield, rose to make a statement on this prisoner's behalf, to the surprise of everyone else in court, so rare is it for a poor man to be represented in maintenance proceedings by counsel.

It was revealed that recently Hampson had been arrested four times and imprisoned—the last sentence was one of two months—owing to his failure to meet his wife's maintenance order.

On each occasion his friends had come to his rescue and bought back his freedom by paying off the arrears, and now they had provided him with legal aid.

Without Fear or Favour

If he had still been inarticulate, he would almost certainly have gone to prison again. But the magistrate, enlightened by counsel, ordered all the arrears to be wiped off and committed the prisoner for only one day, which meant his immediate release.

This wretched man, however, is still technically liable to be arrested again at any moment as future arrears accumulate and his circumstances remain what they are. It will be outrageous if this happens.

We quote in detail the case of Hampson as a typical example of an injustice which is rampant in this country. It illustrates a monstrously cruel condition of the law by which thousands of helpless husbands are regularly thrown into jail and kept there at the taxpayers' expense.

Hampson was a fruiterer in a good way of business when he and his wife separated about four years ago. By consent an order was made for her maintenance, and, as is customary, it was arranged that the husband should pay the money weekly through an officer of the local court.

Within a month of the separation the wife went to Australia and sent to Hampson a postal box number in Melbourne as her future address.

He has neither seen nor heard from her since then. She is said, however, to have a successful business in Australia, and is known to have been able to return to this country for a holiday some months ago.

For more than three years her husband regularly paid into court the sum agreed upon. Then a slump in trade swallowed up his capital reserve and he was forced to give up his business.

Now, for more than a year, he has been completely without means and living in sheer poverty. Yet four times during that period of acute distress a policeman's hand has fallen upon his shoulder and he has been taken into custody and ordered to be imprisoned.

The successive warrants for the arrest of the husband have been taken out by and in the name of the collecting officer of the court.

And the husband was powerless to apply for the maintenance order to be reduced because he could not trace his wife's address in order to serve a summons on her.

The obvious and just remedy, it would seem, would be to issue the summons to vary the order upon the collecting officer, particularly as he receives and passes on the husband's payments and exercises the power of arrest in his own name when there is default.

BUT the defaulter has no such remedy. The collecting officer, tremendous though his authority is, is not the legal agent of the wife. In law he is only an instrument of collection.

So this impoverished husband could do nothing but wait, each time he left prison, until a policeman called to take him back again.

There are in this country to-day a vast number of separated husbands whose plight is as bad as, and even worse than, that of Mr. Hampson.

Their wives, in most instances, are not, like his, genuinely living abroad. But many of them are Shylocks, merciless in pursuing their "pound of flesh."

When a marital separation takes place by arrangement and the wife's allowance is fixed by consent, the husband usually allocates for the purpose of the order the largest part of his income possible.

Gold-digging wives determine never to have less than this amount, no matter how reduced in circumstances their husband may become. If he cannot pay, his relatives or friends will do so for him rather than let him linger in jail, they know.

But the same wives will speedily appear to ask the court for more if they learn that the husband's position has improved.

And the collecting officer, although we do not suggest this happened in Hampson's case, has an incentive to enforce the regular payments or have the husbands sent to prison until arrears are paid off. He is entitled to a reward of 5 per cent. commission.

The scandalous anomaly is that if a husband goes abroad there are a hundred and one ways by which he can be compelled to pay.

Yet when the wife does so, and conceals her place of residence from the husband, or only gives an address abroad while she remains in this country with her whereabouts unknown to him, there is no method by which a destitute husband can seek relief and avoid imprisonment.

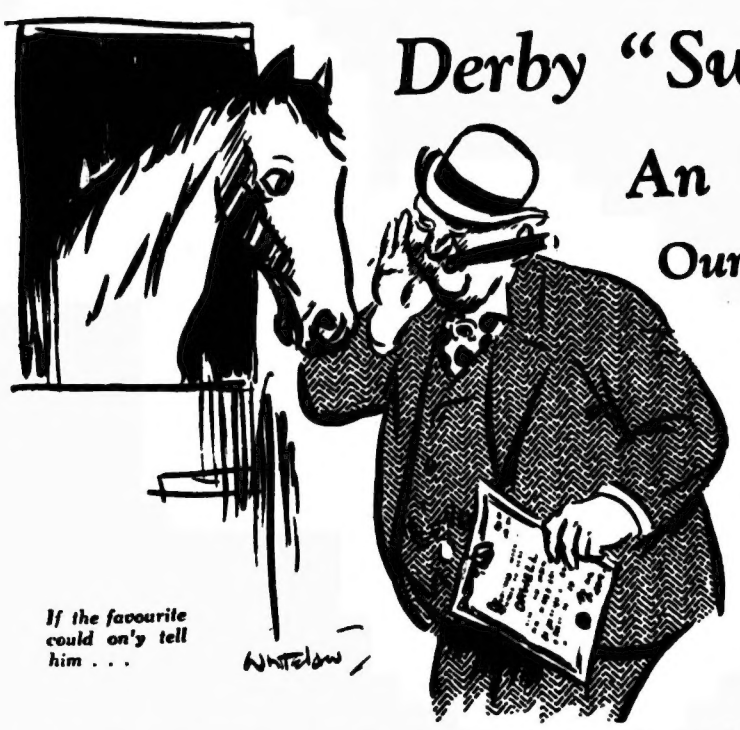
We say emphatically that the major part of the law relating to wife maintenance orders is notoriously one-sided. It urgently needs revision. And a good beginning might be made by dealing with the case of the wife who hides to defeat the process of the law.

IT can be done by amending the appropriate Act of Parliament so as automatically to appoint the court collecting officer as the legal agent of the wife.

He receives, and may be paid for receiving, money on behalf of the wife, and he has the power of effecting arrest and obtaining the incarceration of the husband.

If he can collect and transmit the husband's maintenance payments, why should he not be empowered to serve a summons to protect from repeated imprisonment a distressed husband who fails to pay through no fault of his own?

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .



If the favourite could on'y tell him . . .

Derby "Sweep" Plot to Rob Winners

An Insult to the Dead

Our Prince of Good Deeds

WE warn the public against a great and quick swindle planned in connection with the Irish sweepstake Derby draw.

Taking advantage of the postponement of the draw, which allows only 24 hours for the lucky winners to sell their holdings, some of the most dangerous confidence tricksters have formed bogus syndicates to secure them by offering far bigger prices than genuine buyers will do.

If the chances they acquire lose, they will not pay the purchase price, and, as a gaming debt would be involved, their victims will have no redress.

We strongly advise holders of tickets not to part with them before receiving cash down or cheques which can be specially cleared.

Fictitious odds

The crooks will also outbid bookmakers, who find themselves in a quandary regarding the purchase of the Orwell tickets.

At the low price at which the favourite will start on Wednesday, the value of an Orwell voucher for first, second, and third place should actually be greater than the first "sweep" prize!

That is why the horse has until late in the day been kept by the leading bookmakers at fictitious odds of two to one against.

They will thus offer only £12,000 for a ticket which, mathematically, for all three chances, should fetch at least £35,000 at the likely starting price.

H.R.H.

When in South Wales recently, the Prince of Wales heard that notices to quit were to be served on the occupants of huts at Sully, near Cardiff.

He immediately asked Cardiff Council to find out whether the notices would involve avoidable hardship, but was assured that no pressure would be applied which might cause distress.

Yet another instance of the Prince's practical sympathy.

Prince George's work

Prince George has started work in the Factories Department at the Home Office, and is likely to remain there for some time.

At his own request, he accompanies inspectors on their visits to factories in order to learn more of industrial conditions.

His health makes it advisable for him to spend as much time as possible out of doors, and it was for this reason that he retired from the Foreign Office.

It can be done

Look out for an important Government announcement soon about experiments with coal.

A famous Welsh expert has said that if the mining industry could receive the petrol tax for the next ten years to subsidise the extraction of oil from coal, enough oil could be produced for all Britain's needs.

This statement, backed by other experts, should lead to a step in the right direction.

His broom is busy

Mr. Baldwin is leading a campaign to end the Conservative Party "racket" which compels M.P.s and candidates to pay financial tribute to the Party organisation each year.

In many divisions it practically amounts to the buying of seats—a disgraceful state of affairs that should have been ended long ago.

How it grows!

As the Wheat Commission has gradually been enlarged, there are now only five consumers against twelve representatives of farmers, millers, corn merchants and flour importers, excluding the independent chairman and vice-chairman.

The Commission will be unwieldy. But if it is to be enlarged again, we hope more consumers will be appointed.

Fair play

We are glad to hear that Mr. Runciman will ask at the Ottawa Conference for the removal of the Canadian tariff on British coal in return for the preference we shall give to the Dominions.

Its removal would provide work for the miners thrown out of work by the German and French embargo on our coal.

Whitewash

Five weeks ago, after exhaustive investigation, we censured the London County Council for the tragedy of the death of William Cresswell in Highgate Hospital.

A sub-committee of the Council has been conducting a so-called inquiry into our charges, and has copiously poured whitewash on the administration.

The basis of our exposure was that Cresswell was not treated in accordance with the diagnosis of his private doctor, which, after death, was proved correct.

What the committee, which disputed this, did not know is that we have in our possession a certificate from this doctor definitely stating what the man was suffering from when taken to hospital.

It is exactly as JOHN BULL said.

Not enough

Quite rightly the maximum sentence was imposed at Walsall on a man who assaulted a little girl.

But the law should be amended and stiffer punishment given for this revolting form of crime. The present maximum of six months' imprisonment is far too merciful.

The forgotten dead

The memory of the thousands of Liverpool men who fell in the war seems to be of little consequence to Liverpool Corporation.

Because the Cenotaph, erected 18 months ago in front of St. George's Hall, is said to interfere with *the annual horse parade*, the Corporation suggests its removal to another site.

No wonder the British Legion and local ex-Service men are protesting!

Officious

A regulation which should be scrapped is that which compels unemployed 'bus and coach drivers to surrender their public carriage licences.

The renewal of the licences takes from a fortnight to six weeks, and this prevents men from getting a few days' work during busy week-ends.

Work for workshy

One man at least has justly found that ingratitude is a bad policy.

When Alfred Cairns, of Mapplewell, Yorkshire, was under remand for theft, the police found work for him. Cairns refused it as "unsuitable." Perhaps the month in jail he must now serve will suit him better.

Prudery

A male Mrs. Grundy threatens Blackpool.

The chairman of the Baths Committee considers that men sunbathers should not be allowed to bare their chests.

This is the sort of thing that causes people to take their holidays abroad, where they can be free from childish restrictions.

Speak up!

The Treasury should at once make known its intentions about the conversion of 5 per cent. War Loan.

Small investors are selling their holdings to men who, by refusing to exchange when the conversion offer arrives, may ruin this effort to save the nation twenty or thirty million pounds a year.

Keeping it dark

How many big financial companies have had to be supported by the Bank of England lately?

One bank, it is announced, has been helped to the tune of £7,000,000—and there are many other cases which haven't come to light.

Small traders who have been sold up by the banks may well wonder why City institutions should be so much more privileged than ordinary business men.

Hard labour

Men who protested when their wages were cut down by Peebles Education Authority, in some cases to 3d. an hour, were dismissed. The vacancies are now to be advertised.

We doubt if there will be much competition for them, even in these days of grave unemployment.

Spank them

We are getting tired of the craze among young people for running away from home.

The police have enough to do chasing criminals without wasting time on silly boys and girls who, instead of having their "adventures" made public when they are found, ought to be well spanked.

Candid critic

A man determined to clear up a muddle is Councillor Charlesworth, the new chairman of Saddleworth Highways Committee, Yorkshire.

He has shocked its members by declaring that the department is overspent and is rotten to the core.

We expect to see his strong words followed by strong action.

Is it wise?

Durham is proud of Samuel Culley, a young clerk at Browney Colliery, who, though unable to swim, left his sweetheart and plunged into the river to help a little girl. Both were drowned.

We honour the memory of this gallant youth. But should a non-swimmer attempt such a rescue?

Topsy-turvy

Justice squints at Dunfermline, Scotland.

An ice-cream seller had two sweepstake tickets given to him. He sold one to a ploughman, from whom it was stolen.

The thief has been put on probation, while the ice-cream man has been fined 10s. for selling the ticket!

Worth knowing

Don't wait to be summoned if you are out of work and can't pay your rates.

When 400 people, summoned at Huddersfield, attributed their non-payment to unemployment, it was said that if they had attended their local council offices and reported this fact they would have been excused.

Dunderheads

Ayrshire County Council is either asleep or inefficient.

It has ignored repeated applications for a fire brigade in Fairlie and Seamill, refuses the offer of assistance by a neighbouring brigade, and keeps a few antiquated fire extinguishers locked up.

Yet much damage has been caused by recent fires in the district, and residents willing to form a volunteer corps, if provided with hose, have been rebuffed.

Husband's relief

The State is very hard on the "allmony man," so it is good to meet a London magistrate who isn't.

Learning that a post office worker got no income-tax relief for his wife, from whom he was separated, the Bow Street magistrate, Mr. Fry, ordered the man's separation allowance to be reduced by the amount of extra tax paid.

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DEAR SIRS,—We have examined the Company's Accounts and Records relating to the thirteen weekly issues of JOHN BULL from January 2, 1932, to March 26, 1932, inclusive, and we certify that the average NET WEEKLY SALES for the period, excluding free and voucher copies and after deducting all returns received during the period, exceeded

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Orient House,
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May 5, 1932.

JOHN BULL Demands Instant Action!

The thrill of a well-run race. But there is intrigue and corruption in this popular sport

DOG-RACING Frauds: Sensational Disclosures

IN this article, the first of an exclusive series, JOHN BULL exposes a scandalous conspiracy of fraud by which the vast dog-racing public is being disgracefully exploited.

If unchecked, it will ruin dog-racing as a great popular sport in this country.

UNLESS very drastic action is taken—and taken at once—greyhound racing in this country is doomed. Doomed because the new sport, which in a few years has won widespread popularity with all classes of people, has also attracted the attention of almost every type of rogue who is out to exploit it at the public's expense.

Investigations made by JOHN BULL on certain unlicensed tracks leave no shadow of doubt that this great sport is to-day threatened with corruption and fraud.

The irony of it is that from the moment that greyhound racing began to flourish the managements of the leading tracks realised the necessity for some recognised body which could be looked to as the controlling authority of the new sport. Thus the National Greyhound Racing Club came into being.

This body, financially independent of greyhound racing management, but enjoying the full support of the leading tracks, became the "Jockey Club" of greyhound racing. Its aim has been to ensure that racing on licensed tracks is honourably conducted.

But the operations of crooks, together with the tremendous growth of the new sport, have made its task an onerous one.

In fact, to-day there is grave danger that the crooks are so well organised that they are gaining the upper hand.

The success of licensed tracks, in which millions of pounds have been invested by shareholders, has led to the gradual establishment throughout the country of scores of others, which the Greyhound Racing Club has refused to countenance.

Yet the sport has become so popular that crooked managements have no difficulty in attracting large crowds.

Tricksters' vast scope

IN 1926, on licensed tracks alone, the attendance was 5,656,000; last year 18,000,000 people passed through the gates. All classes of people are represented in these colossal figures, and a surprisingly large proportion are women.

The figures of those engaged in this sport are equally illuminating. At least 20,000 are employed in varying capacities, quite apart from the growing number of men and women who are finding employment in breeding and training fresh stock.

It is estimated that 6,000 dogs race every week in this country. In 1926-7 the number of greyhounds newly registered was 1,980. Last year the figure had soared to 9,730! The total number registered is 27,413. They are valued at £870,000 and represent the property of 15,480 different owners!

Gate money last year amounted to over a million pounds; £177,673 was paid in entertainment tax; £296,300 as prize money. Local rates benefited to the extent of £38,000; while £14,000 was disbursed in charity!

Is it surprising then that the unscrupulous tricksters have been attracted to the new sport like flies to the proverbial honey-pot?

Such offences as the painting or substitution of dogs, inspired "bad running," and the like are not often practised on licensed tracks because known offenders are appropriately dealt with. In 140 cases investigated last year, mostly concerning unlicensed tracks, numerous offenders were fined and others were warned off.

That utter impartiality exists is shown by the fact that the racing manager of a famous track was recently called before the stewards and fined.

If this sort of thing is encountered on licensed tracks that are under the fullest supervision, it requires little imagination to guess what must be the state of affairs on unlicensed ones.

These are of all kinds and conditions. Some are fairly well constructed; others are laid in fields. But all are popular.

Some of the smallest are so crudely conducted that dogs are raced in pursuit of a rabbit skin on the end of a piece of string!

Such tracks as are free from efficient supervision are open to flagrant abuses.

Dogs owned by bookmakers are raced in assumed names, while a trusting public makes its bets in all innocence! Racing cards may show uncertain form—or no form—in respect of an unknown dog, supposedly belonging to "James Smith" or "William Robinson," though the animal may have a first-class record.

It is easy to see how profitable this can be to a bookmaker who is taking in unlimited money on a favourite while the public remains ignorant of the real form of the disguised dog.

Two dogs named "Lemin" and "Wild Mint" were recently warned off, as was their owner, a bookmaker named Hyman Davis.

It was found that he had been mixed up with two other men—Joe Seymour and Joseph Hamill—in running dogs in false names on an unlicensed track.

Seymour became the temporary owner of three dogs, assumed the alias of "J. Stokes" and proceeded to enter the animals and race them as of unknown form.

This is a fair example of the sort of thing that is going on to-day.

All kinds of ruses are adopted in the substitution of class dogs for indifferent animals.

In one case some indifferent dogs were purchased at the same time as a very superior animal was being acquired by a famous owner.

These dogs were put on the same train for England with the aristocrat, which happened to be a black dog. When the latter was "tried out," the result was strangely disappointing. Then the animal fell sick, and examination showed that it was not the dog originally purchased.

An inferior black dog, from the batch of eight, had been cleverly substituted on route!

The aristocrat is now racing somewhere in a false name, as of unknown form, and nearly always winning for the benefit of the rogues who thought of this ingenious scheme! Yet nothing can be done.

Another amazing piece of roguery came to light regarding an owner named Crawford.

A first-class dog of his, known as "Brilliant Gambler," was, following a charge relating to an unlicensed track, officially warned off.

Derby sensation

THEN for the greatest event of the year—the Dog Derby at the White City—a newly registered dog, "Over the River," was announced among the entries. Everything seemed in order.

It was undoubtedly the knowledge of past successes which moved those concerned to choose the classic Dog Derby for their scheme.

Quite by chance the interest of an official of the White City track was aroused. Going into "Over the River's" history, he found that it was a dog that had been registered only recently as a "first registration" by the Irish Coursing Club.

But actually it proved to be "Brilliant Gambler," entered in an assumed name.

Within a month of its being warned off, a fresh name was selected and a false certificate obtained. Its real prowess hidden, it was naturally regarded as of unknown form.

Nor did the deceit end there. The same dog cropped up again on the Brighton track as "Money Getter." When such tactics are used this last name certainly seems justified!

It is becoming almost impossible to cope with such roguery, for an alarming traffic in forged pedigrees goes on both in England and Ireland.

False pedigrees

HOW is it done? A litter of, say, eight dogs may be legitimately registered, but die. Then the pedigrees are sold at fancy prices to rogues who are anxious to substitute certain dogs and provide them with assumed names in the way we have described.

The traffic in false pedigrees, the financial side of crooked dog racing, the endless tricks resorted to by swindling bookmakers and other rogues, and the many other abuses which are bringing a great sport into disrepute will be fully unmasked in further articles.

We demand instant action to end this corruption by official legislation. There is no other way of keeping this great sport clean.

The necessity for this will be emphasised next week, when we shall deal with the inner organisation of Dog Racing's "Scotland Yard" and the up-to-date methods adopted by unscrupulous owners to break down its authority.

The MEN and the MILLIONS Behind— The WORLD

"THE Great War ended, but the oil war went on—in Russia." Here is a giant derrick in the Ural region, symbol of the Soviet's might in the conflict

The Oil Kings' TRUCE won't mean PEACE

ONCE again a truce is being negotiated in the most costly and most bitter civil war in the world—the battle of the Oil Kings.

But whether the agreement discussed round a table in New York between representatives of the gigantic Royal-Dutch Shell oil combine; the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, in which the British Government is vitally concerned; the Burma Oil Company; the Standard Oil of New Jersey, head of the former Rockefeller oil kingdom, and the Soviet oil industry will be permanent, those who know the history of the oil industry will doubt.

For the tin of petrol on sale at the garage at the corner has behind it a long history of intrigue, of secret diplomacy, sometimes even of tragedy.

And the motorist who fills up with petrol for a week-end jaunt is but the last link in a battle of personalities, a war of millions without parallel in modern life.

In a world in which the internal combustion engine is King of Transport by road and by air, on the sea and under the water, oil has become more precious than gold.

Possession of it represents wealth and power, whether in peace or war—but especially in war. That is why governments have interested themselves in the fight for oil—sometimes openly, but more often through secret channels.

Our own Government has been prominent in that way. It is not long since oil brought almost an open breach between the United States and ourselves.

Who are the men behind the battle for oil? What has been the result of their warring? Who, if anyone, is victor in this campaign, which has been fought in four continents, in Europe, in America, in Asia, in Russia, and which has been responsible for the rise and fall of governments?

If we are to draw the veil from the war for oil we shall find ourselves following the trail in many countries, and at the end we may know, part at any rate, of the reasons behind the famous Arcos raid, some of the inner history of a number of South American revolutions, and we shall have delved a little way into the intrigues of the East.

Petroleum's Napoleon

It is a fascinating story, and all the more fascinating because we shall have in front of our eyes throughout it all that innocent tin of petrol which has brought the country near to so many hundreds of thousands of town dwellers.

To understand the story aright it is necessary to go back many years to the early days of a man whom Admiral Fisher, the blunt, out-spoken seaman who prophesied the Great War almost to the day, described as "Napoleonic in his audacity and Cromwellian in his thoroughness."

That man is Sir Henri Deterding, now head of the huge Royal Dutch-Shell oil combine, the biggest merger of oil interests in the world and a director of more than seventy companies.

In those days Sir Henri Deterding was known merely as Henri Wilhelm August Deterding, Dutch-born clerk in the offices of the Royal Dutch Petroleum Company of Amsterdam.

The Royal Dutch company was in sore straits. Its reserves had been drained in a ruthless price-cutting war with the Standard oil group of the United States, of which John D. Rockefeller, the biggest figure the oil industry has ever known, was King.

"John D." is ninety-three now, and for the last twenty years has been giving away money instead of making it. He has given to charity now well over £100,000,000, but there was no charity about him then.

He had helped to found the oil industry in the days when every prospector hired gangs of toughs as a matter of course to wreck the other man's claims, and in business he was ruthless. He was King of the American oil trade, and he started out to smash his only serious rival anywhere else in the world—the Royal Dutch Petroleum Company of Amsterdam.

And in that venture the victor of a thousand oil battles was for the first time defeated—and defeated not by one of the recognised "big noises" of the company, but by a man in a comparatively junior position—Deterding.

Deterding bided his time until the position was serious, and then quickly and unobtrusively he got in touch with the famous banking firm of Rothschilds.

He must have been a remarkable young man, for he persuaded the Rothschilds that it was worth their while to back the Dutch company against the Americans. With their offer in his pocket, he went back to his company and jumped, overnight as it were, from a comparatively obscure clerkship to virtual control of the concern.

Then, with the Rothschilds millions behind him, he started fighting back until the pace of the price-cutting war became too hot even for Rockefeller to stand, and for the first time in his career the American multi-millionaire had to call a truce.

Rockefeller had wanted control of oil because of the wealth it gave him, but Deterding had another reason.

He was among the first to realise that the possession of oil might play a decisive part in a modern war. And talks with Admiral Fisher—who had expressed the downright opinion that an oil-burning fleet was 50 per cent. more efficient than a coal-burning one—had convinced him that war was coming.

For the work he did in obtaining control of oil supplies, the former Dutch clerk got a knighthood—and the unofficial but powerful backing of the British Government for many of his ventures.

There was another man besides Lord Fisher and Sir Henri Deterding who realised how important oil would be in war and who thought war was coming. That man was Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty then. Churchill backed Deterding, but he had other irons in the fire, too.

He had watched the adventures of a young Australian, William K. D'Arcy, who, while on a mysterious mission in Persia, had come across traces of oil and by diplomacy and flattery had persuaded the Shah to grant him a sixty-year monopoly oil concession covering almost the entire Persian Empire.

He came back to London and formed the Anglo-Persian Oil Company to exploit that concession, for which he had paid—being a clever man—only some £5,000 in cash and the promise of a royalty.

Americans whipped

Having formed his company, he went back to see what he could do in Turkey, where an American, Admiral Chester, was negotiating for concessions.

There were many secret negotiations, and the Americans found themselves beaten again when a company was formed to control the Turkish Petroleum Concession. The combine was part British, part German, and 50 per cent. Turkish. No one could blame Turkey for keeping a control of her own oil.

The Americans retired baffled, only to be lashed to bitter rage a little while later when the Turkish 50 per cent. interest was quietly purchased by D'Arcy's company, the Anglo-Persian Oil Co.

Winston Churchill, who had learnt well from Fisher and Deterding the importance of oil, watched these tangled moves in the oil diplomacy of the East, and when it was whispered that D'Arcy's concession might not be used to the full because of lack of capital, he advised the British Government to do a deal.

As a result, the British Government, which had taken much underground interest in oil in the past, came for the first time into the open and purchased a controlling interest in the Anglo-Persian Company — a venture comparable in its importance with Disraeli's famous Suez Canal deal.

War went on . . .

When the war came, Britain was well prepared.

And in the stress of war the need for yet new oil-fields was not forgotten.

For when the secret history of the war comes to be written it will be found that it was oil which governed very largely our operations in Iraq; it was oil which made us so anxious that Russia, with its vast oil-fields, should not make a separate truce; it was oil in Roumania which coloured our activities there.

The Great War ended, but the oil war went on.

It was fought in Russia. That explains the British support for the White Russians at a time when the newly-formed Soviet might have come to terms and why we occupied Baku until 1920.

It was fought in Mexico, where a Mr. Pearson—later Lord Cowdray—had long been warring with the Standard Oil of America, and where even before the war the American fear that President Diaz was too friendly to British interests had played a big part in the engineering of

WAR that NEVER ENDS

a revolution which overthrew him.

It was fought in Venezuela, where it has played a substantial part in the rise and fall of presidents.

It was fought in Columbia, where a somewhat mysterious Colonel Yates, an agent of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, but carrying a diplomatic passport and all the privileges of a Government agent, nearly succeeded in obtaining a fifty-year concession, only to be forced to withdraw in consequence of strong Notes that passed from Washington to London.

But chiefly the fight since the war has been between Deterding, Russia and his old enemies, the Standard Oil group of America—now split up by anti-trust laws, but still working closely together in many ways.

Friendly foes

At the head of the Standard Oil, now that Rockefeller is too old for battle, is Walter C. Teagle, president of Standard Oil of New Jersey, an American business man of the modern sort who learnt the oil trade from the bottom by starting in a suit of overalls in a garage.

Teagle has none of the ruthlessness of Rockefeller. He is the diplomat of oil. He has fought Deterding, but not so bitterly as to break a personal friendship which lets them play golf together every now and then—golf which is more concerned perhaps with oil than with getting round under bogey.

But beneath this veneer of mutual politeness the war has gone on.

There has, it is true, been a truce in the East, where, following diplomatic passages between the U.S. and British Governments, Britain graciously agreed to allow America a share of the concessions obtained long ago by D'Arcy.

It was a clever agreement whereby a new company, the Iraq Petroleum Co., was formed, in which a French group holds 23¾ per cent.; an American group, representing mainly the Standard Oil, 23¾ per cent.; a Mr. C. S. Gulbenkian, a mystery figure in the oil diplomacy of the East, 5 per cent.; the Anglo-Persian Oil, 23¾ per cent., and the Royal Dutch-Shell group, 23¾ per cent.

An international affair in truth, but it will be noted Anglo-Persian and Royal Dutch-Shell between them have control.

There is peace in the East now, but there is no real peace yet—about Russian oil. For Russia has upset all the calculations of Sir Henri Deterding and the Standard group.

The Soviet has thrown immense quantities of oil on to the world markets and forced the combines to sell at reduced rates.

That is a bitter pill for Sir Henri. He backed the wrong horse at the beginning. He did not believe the Soviet would last, and bought up—very cheaply—the control of a large number of Russian oil combines. Standard Oil of New Jersey did the same.

They used their very considerable influence to prevent the Soviet Government from being recognised for a long time by either Britain or the U.S.

Russian battle

But that was not enough. They called a conference at The Hague and agreed to boycott all supplies of Russian oil. An International Defence Committee was formed which was to boycott Soviet oil until the right of holders of Russian oil shares was recognised.

That agreement did not last long. Sir Henri Deterding's old rivalry with Standard Oil made him change his mind, and he secretly contracted to buy 70,000 tons of Russian oil with an option on another 100,000 tons.

When the Standard discovered that, the fur began to fly. It, too, jumped in and got an option on Russian oil and started fighting Royal Dutch in the Eastern markets.

Many millions were spent in that battle, and this time Deterding lost. He was beaten as Rockefeller, in his time, was beaten by a comparatively obscure oil man, Mr. Charles F. Meyer, of the Standard Oil of New York, who was rewarded for his success by being made president of the company.

Deterding retired to lick his wounds and to follow his old technique of consolidating his position with a new merger, whereby the interests of Royal Dutch-Shell, Anglo-Persian and the Burma Oil Company, of which Sir John Cargill is chairman, became closely linked.

Russia, having successfully played off one combine against another, started to enter the retail market on her own. And with Russian Oil Products selling R.O.P. she started to take away Royal Dutch-Shell and Anglo-Persian trade in their own special territory—Britain.

All that Russia needed was finance, and in May, 1929, she was on the eve of obtaining it by a big credit from the Midland Bank.

At that moment Deterding pulled himself together and struck. What exact strings he pulled it is impossible to say, but there are strong grounds for believing that it was his influence which resulted in the Arcos raid which broke off trade relations between Britain and Russia.

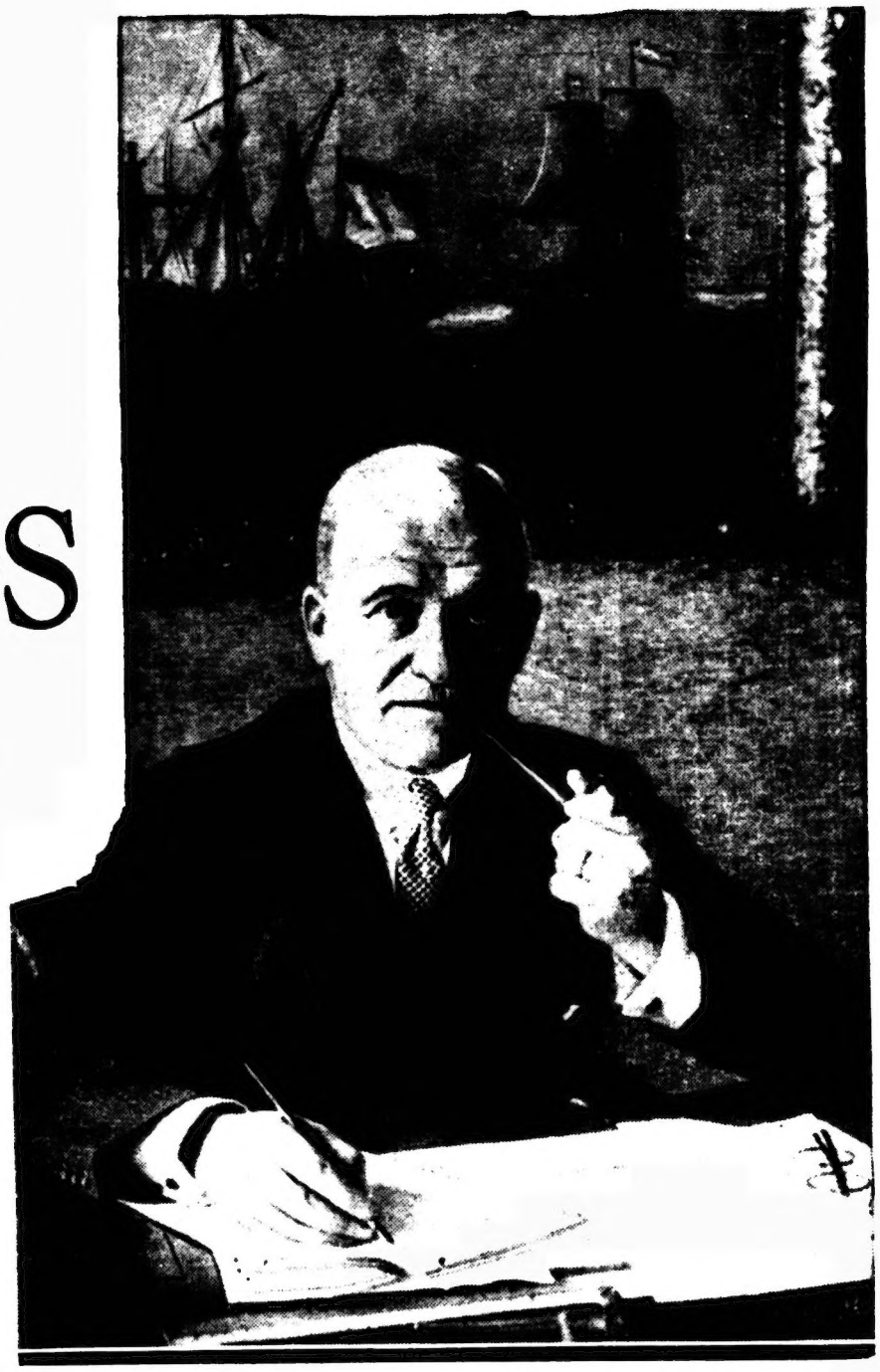
For a time the British oil market was safe for the combines, but only for a time. With a new Labour Government there was a new trade agreement, and since then the war has been fought with renewed vigour.

Now, once again, a truce has been called.

The combines have lost enormous sums in price cuts. Sir Henri Deterding himself has been forced to issue denial after denial regarding his own position. Russia herself is hard pressed for money.

And so, once more, the oil chiefs are meeting in council. There will be a temporary truce. But it will only be temporary. Oil gives too much wealth and too much power for there to be a lasting peace.

Sooner or later the oil war will go on again. And so long as it means cheap petrol we hope it will go on, for it is the sort of world war we enjoy.



His business life always has had a romantic background of adventure—Sir Henri Deterding

Homely Wisdom

by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

The Hardest Part

THOUSANDS of hearts in this country were deeply moved on reading in the newspapers recently of the hopeless vigil of two women in the lobby of the House of Commons.

Dressed in deep mourning, and with tears of sorrow coursing down their cheeks, they were accosting first one Member of Parliament and then another, vainly urging them to do something to stay the hand of justice.

They were the sisters of a poor fellow who had been condemned to death for murder. Blinded by that mysterious force called sexual passion, which has maddened many an otherwise sensible human being, he had taken the life of the woman he desired and could not possess.

In the eye of the law he was a criminal, and the penalty was a life for a life. But to the sisters who loved him he was no criminal, but just their dear brother whom they had known from babyhood with an intimacy the world could not share. Hence in their simplicity they stood pleading for him with the men who make and unmake laws.

They thought if they could only tell what a good brother he was, and how kind to them, something might be done at the last moment to save him from the hangman.

Probably not one of the Members of Parliament thus appealed to will ever be able to forget the sadness of that scene.

They did their best to explain that they were helpless to alter the law of England for the benefit of one particular offender against whom the case was so clear; but even while they said it, they must have wished they could.

Every man of them must have seen that here, as so often in life, the rough hand of human justice was crushing the innocent more than the guilty.

The condemned prisoner going to his death was less to be pitied than the two gentle creatures who live on to mourn him and will be shadowed for the rest of their days by the memory of his dreadful end.

Life is hard on the weak and on those of strong affections.

A mother who reads JOHN BULL writes to ask me if I can tell her why it is that so many people have to suffer what the very strength of their affection unfits them to bear, while the hard and selfish so often seem immune from serious trouble.

She has lost a splendid boy of thirteen and a sweet little girl of five, on whose behalf she had fought a hard battle with poverty and never counted any personal sacrifice too great.

Now she is left with one mentally defective child to bring up. Is it any wonder that she feels her lot to be somehow unfair?

I cannot answer her question; nobody can. My own faith is that there is a better life awaiting us in which all this seemingly fruitless pain and loss will be compensated for. I believe that in our best moments we feel that all-loving self-sacrifice is worth while, however much it costs.

There is not one of us who, if we had the chance, would change places with the coward and the brute who cares for no one but himself. The finest souls in the world owe the best they are to the twin angels of love and pain.

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to PROFESSOR HOBDAY

Every Animal Lover THANKS YOU

DEAR "DOCTOR,"—Dogs call you that, so I will. Dogs do not know what professors are.

You are pleading, I see, for £25,000 to save the Royal Veterinary College.

You are in the fashion. Everybody is pleading. Money is needed by every charity. All the Churches are moaning. Every ameliorative effort is struggling on, handicapped by lack of funds.

But do not let this discourage you. Your institution, when it gets the £25,000, will obtain the Government grant necessary for the proper functioning of an institution where veterinary surgeons are trained and loving service is rendered to the animal world.

It all seems very ludicrous to me that people should have to be pleaded to, so that medical men, whose training should be the State's affair, can be trained

We are all apt, sometimes, to forget the cause of the animals.

During the war, 250,000 horses and mules were killed in the service of their masters—you and me, and all the other people in the British Empire.

* * *

They braved—just as the men did—a living hell, without knowing what it was all about. They did not start it. They did not want it to go on. Obediently, and with great patience, they endured, just as the men did at the Front, and just as the women did at home. It was their masters' work. . .

Dogs trained to carry messages went across No Man's Land, in great peril. Thousands of them were recruited from the homes of England, to serve abroad, and thousands of them, just like the men, were left behind, skeletons buried on the battlefield.

Many a horse died beside his master when some shell exploded behind the lines. Often, the masters had to shoot their own horses to save them many hours of agony. It was like killing a best friend.

Now, you would have thought —wouldn't you?—that, after all this noble work done by animals, it would have been possible for the nation to repay to all the other animals some measure of the service their kind had rendered in the nation's extremity. But no money was there! The cupboard was bare. Everyone was poor. The world was ruined.

I am writing this to you, Doctor, in the hope that someone who reads it may come to your aid. For you and your staff are working in a tumbledown building at Camden Town in circumstances that shame our nation. The sheds are propped up with timbers just like an old shanty. It might be the veriest ruin in some tumbledown village. The windows are broken, and the doors are shattered.

Yet, in this place of desolation, your noble work goes on. People from all around bring their dogs to you for treatment—yes, and their cats and their canaries.

Tortoises are taken along when they are looking sick, goldfish, and white mice. The other day a cow arrived—yes, right in the heart of London—because its master thought it wanted a draught. An operation was recommended, and you and your surgeons performed it.

After all, we must remember that one of the great qualities that distinguishes the British race from all the others is its love of animals. As we treat those subject to us, so we shall be judged.

* * *

When last I went across the United States I came back and said, "There are no dogs there."

I expect there were, but I did not notice them, there were so few.

I am surrounded, you see, by an England in which there is a dog in every house, and usually a cat. And the dog and the cat are as much members of the family as the baby.

When I go abroad, I find dogs being used to pull little carts. That is in Belgium. In other places I find horses cruelly beaten—yes, flogged so unmercifully that the blood comes, and no one interferes. That is in Italy. In still others I have seen horses gored until they were disembowelled and bulls stuck with darts. That is in Spain.

I remember all the dogs of a city being caught and left to starve on an island, from which their howls made the sea an inferno for miles around. That was in Turkey.

When they brought the Rodeo here, there was a police court prosecution. When performing dogs are seen on the stage in England, people often walk out.

The real home of the anti-vivisection movement is in this country. Recently, Miss Lind-af-Hageby and the Duchess of Hamilton presented to Arthur Henderson, as chairman of the Disarmament Conference, memorials which millions of women had signed, urging that our recognition of the rights of animals was one of the greatest of our moral duties. Until it was recognised, they said, people would not be civilised. Until they were civilised, war would go on.

Uncle Arthur agreed. I expect he has a dog himself.

We all have a dog, or we have had one. And every one of us knows that, even if it died years ago, we still think of it in terms of affection. We never cared whether it won prizes or whether to start with, it was merely some lonely cur who walked into our door homeless one night, and then crept into our hearts.

It lived a few years, and died, And the whole family died. And then there came along another dog.

A man should live for seventy years. A dog should live for ten years. So a man's life is the life of seven dogs.

The naughtier dogs are, the more we love them. When they climb up dirty on the bed, covered with mud—well, the baby would get slapped, but the dog runs off laughing.

* * *

You, Professor, are doctor to hundreds of animals—yes, some of the most famous racehorses in the land, and some of those dogs who are called Heinz because their owners boast they are fifty-seven varieties, all mixed up. It is not its breed we love, but its soul.

I knew a dog, last year, and loved it, although it was thought to be such a mongrel that we said it was a Chinese Griffon! Then, by a miracle, it was discovered that it was a rare Apso-Lhassa terrier, which had come from India in a cage of monkeys.

It is now one of the most famous dogs in England. It is Prince Hajjar of Thibet and registered at the Kennel Club. But we are no more fond of him now he is a prince than when he was a mongrel.

In the name of all the animals, all the dogs, all the cats, all the horses, and all the tame canaries, I thank you for your work, done for next to nothing, at all hours of the night.

Although you are the King's vet., you are also "doctor" to mongrels of every kind. A man who can be that deserves the love of all of us. For he is doing God's work.

Hannen Swaffer

Now do your bit for the dumb sufferers—and take the opportunity to win a fortune for yourself. See page 12

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. J. R. MACDONALD,
Prime Minister

DEAR SIR,—Time and time again I have exposed scandalous cases of food profiteering and demanded prosecution of the offenders.

But the ramp continues. Shopkeepers and farmers complain of the unjust profits exacted by wholesalers; consumers are forced to pay through the nose—particularly for everyday necessities like vegetables.

Yet no official action is taken. Either the Government is indifferent or the passing of the Bill designed to prevent profiteering was merely bluff.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. W. A. BRIGGS,
Long Whatton, Leicestershire

DEAR SIR,—You say that slanderous talk and an iniquitous spirit have become fashionable in Long Whatton, and that after four years of living in the village, you are amazed at the petty tales and ruthless gossip which are spread about.

The grave mischief of gossip in small places is one that needs rooting out, but so few of your cloth tackle the cancer so directly as you have done.

Your fiat, that attempts in the village to dishonour people must cease immediately, is definite. I sincerely hope it will be obeyed.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. McGOVERN, M.P.: Your powerful plea in Commons for distressed British settlers in Australia has my support. Read article on page 15—it may help you in your fight against this grave scandal.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. THOMAS FYFE,
Portobello, near Edinburgh

DEAR HERO,—You are seventy, yet when a three-year-old child fell into a millpond, and a young married woman dived to the rescue and sank, you jumped in to help both of them.

You saved the child. I share your grief that you could not save the plucky woman. I admire you as a wonderful old man.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. BINGLEY, Metropolitan Magistrate: Agree that too many costers are prosecuted for obstruction, and that police should find something better to do. Such as checking crime.—JOHN BULL.

LADY ASTOR, M.P.,
St. James' Square, London, S.W.

DEAR LADY ASTOR,—Congratulations on your efforts, in the House of Commons, to restrict the working hours of young people between the ages of 14 and 18.

Thousands of them are working from 60 to 70 hours a week in unregulated trades—the worst form of sweated labour.

Though you lost your fight against the Government, you had seventy Members of all Parties—and the public—on your side. Better luck next time!

JOHN BULL.

WALTER FIELD,
Lincoln

SCOUNDREL,—It would be difficult to find a harder-hearted pair than you and your wife, and I welcome the sentence of twelve months' imprisonment passed on you both for false pretences.

In the words of the prosecution, you trafficked in illegitimate children and dealt with helpless babies as if they had been so much merchandise.

When one of the children entrusted to your care died, your wife placed it in a box and put it on the mud of the river Trent—callousness that should make you shunned, on your release from jail, by all decent people.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman WILL MELLAND,
East Lancs Playing Fields Assoc.

DEAR SIR,—I admire the common-sense compromise you and your colleagues have arrived at in Manchester in dealing with the problem of making the parks safe for children of all ages.

While permitting ball games, you forbid the use of hard balls and play by youths of over sixteen.

This is the rule, I know, in many other towns, but it should be made general throughout the country.

JOHN BULL.

CAN America WEATHER the STORM?

"DOWN with charity slop—we demand cash relief," say these hunger-marchers at the Capitol Square. And that is the only way, thinks A. G. G.

asks A. G. GARDINER

THE Pope, surveying the world from his eyrie in the Vatican, says, in his encyclical, that there has been nothing comparable to the chaos that prevails since Noah's ark rested on Ararat. There is certainly one similarity that makes the comparison just. Then, we are told, "The flood of water covered the face of the earth."

To-day the catastrophe is equally universal. It spreads from China to Peru and from Stockholm to Cape Town.

If I were asked to say which country is surviving the ordeal best I should be in some doubt between England and France.

But if I were asked to name the country where the peril is most desperate and most ominous I should have no doubt.

It is the United States of America.

There the crash has come with a startling and spectacular swiftness that suggests a cosmic convulsion. From an altitude of "prosperity" never attained by any nation in history it has fallen to an abyss of material disaster and moral despair that, even in the general *débâcle*, makes its fate the overshadowing problem of this distracted world.

For if this crash is irredeemable, if America is doomed to founder in revolution, the repercussions of such a mighty event will shake the whole structure of the world.

There are two main pillars of that structure—the British Commonwealth and the American Commonwealth. So long as these stand the modern civilised world, however damaged, will stand. If either or both go, nothing will survive the shock.

This is the fact which makes the situation in America one of such paramount anxiety to human society everywhere.

The collapse is not merely material. On that score it is sufficiently staggering. At the lowest estimate there are ten millions of unemployed in the States. That is, relatively, not much in excess of our own figure. But there are two things in our favour. We have had more than ten years of trade depression and have accommodated ourselves to the fact.

And we fortunately had our national insurance system in operation which has enabled us to stand so far erect in the teeth of the blizzard of the last three years.

Millions of paupers

But America was taken unawares. The blow fell on her when she was at the peak of her prosperity. And it found her totally unprepared to meet it.

There was no national insurance system, nothing comparable even with our old poor law system, no public machinery for dealing with a sudden emergency.

The result is that millions of people are now literally beggared, without any protection against starvation except what charity provides.

And charity, of course, has utterly broken down before such an impact of misery. The workless from the country throng into the towns and add to the mass of local necessity. Banks have failed by the hundred and the thousand.

In a great city like Toledo, I am told by a friend who has just been there, not a bank is open and the people are reduced to using money tokens.

The greatest cities, like New York and Chicago, are bankrupt and do not know where to turn for money to keep the public services going. Government has collapsed before the terrific challenge of facts, and President Hoover has become a pathetic figure of helplessness, wringing his hands over a devastated land.

And in the midst of the upheaval a prolonged Presidential election is afoot, and in front looms a winter fraught with perils which are incalculable. For under the thin crust of social order which prosperity preserved is the most mixed and volcanic population in the world. If relief does not come, an explosion must.

Nor is it the material collapse that alone threatens American civilisation. With it is a moral collapse still more ominous.

More flagrantly than anywhere else the worship of the Golden Calf has obliterated all other worships. Never has the world witnessed such a gigantic bubble of speculation as that which burst in the autumn of 1929 and in bursting precipitated the economic crisis throughout the world.

It was the culmination of "prosperity" and the fruit of the moral revolution that has overtaken America. The illusion of great wealth had corrupted the heart of the people. Family life had been undermined, and all the standards of decency outraged. The motor-car and Hollywood between them had destroyed the social restraints and produced a generation that scoffed at old-fashioned moralities.

The deplorable adoption of Prohibition led to a universal revolt in the cities against law, and the corruption rampant among the police and the State judiciaries completed the destruction of efficient local government.

The gangster and the racketeer, by their command of great wealth and their influence over the authorities, established themselves as an *imperium in imperio*. They held the cities at ransom.

They challenged the authority of the State. Al Capone for years ruled the underworld of America almost as openly as the President ruled the overworld, and it was only by an artifice that at last this multi-murderer was put out of action.

Crime is the king

The Lindbergh horror, which in all its aspects has shocked the world, is only the culmination of an unending series of such infamies. Two thousand kidnapping cases have been recorded and no child of parents worth robbing can be trusted abroad without secure protection.

Lawlessness is universal and corruption reaches the highest circles. The memory of the Harding Administration stinks in the nostrils of America, and at this moment the Mayor of New York is accused of financial misconduct which has led to a demand that Governor Roosevelt shall dismiss him from his office. If he does, it is agreed that it will destroy Roosevelt's chance of getting the Democratic nomination for the presidency.

Such is the power of that monstrous engine of corruption called Tammany! And such is America! And upon this America, with its antiquated constitution and its social disruption, has fallen an economic catastrophe that must be stayed if revolution is to be averted.

Can it be stayed? The question is as anxious a one for us as for the Americans themselves. For if America goes under, the wreckage will spread to the ends of the earth.

I think it can be stayed if bold remedies are applied to a desperate case. The country is enormously rich in resources and ought to be able to weather the storm better than any of us.

But it must do two things at once. It must re-establish the reign of law within. And it must end the scandal of ten millions of unemployed left to starve.

The insurance system has saved this country. It will save America.

But there is no time to lose.

Not from the B.B.C.—The Clerk of the Weather on—

If Summer Comes

IN days of old, a messenger arriving
With evil tidings—news of woe or wreck,
Or battles lost, despite heroic striving—
Invariably got it in the neck!
And in this more enlightened age of reason
The weather clerk who strives to tell the facts
Regarding prospects for the summer season
The victim is of similar attacks.

When pessimistic farmers are not praying
For rain, their minds are filled with fears of flood;
If rain comes when the tennis-player's playing,
My name's at once synonymous with mud.
Since I can't rule the clouds, nor can I tether
The elements, or allocate the sun,
The job of clerk to Britain's so-called weather
Is verily a most unhappy one!

Never was a truer wise-crack perpetrated than when it was said that a prophet is without honour in his own country. Especially is this true of the weather prophet.

If he predicts good weather and it doesn't arrive according to schedule, he is scoffed at. If he foretells bad weather and it duly puts in an appearance, he is blamed.

Often in despair he employs naughty nebulosities, cautiously suggesting that the weather will be so-and-so if such-and-such things happen, and something quite different (or indifferent) if a depression takes a wrong turning or the isobars get mixed.

One complaint levelled against me is that, like certain other public characters, in trying to please all sections at some time, I irritate most sections at all times.

In arranging for a nice helping of rain at Whitsun I won the gratitude of theatre and kinema proprietors, but was overwhelmed with reproaches by seaside authorities.

When, a day or two later, I hinted at a heat-wave I was assailed by the amusement industry for even mentioning such a horror and was abused by returned holidaymakers for not having sent it sooner.

In these sad circumstances, is it surprising that I take refuge in dignified silence when besieged with anxious enquiries regarding my stock of summer goods?

But even my silence is misconstrued. Carpers allege that I say nothing because I know nothing, and that, in the average village, the rheumatic twinges of the Oldest Inhabitant are reckoned a more reliable indication of what the weather is going to be than any of my tips.

Such accusations of ignorance are intolerable, so I shall now proceed to lay all my cards on the table—and it will dashed well serve you right!

A study of my charts reveals
That summer now is on the way;
Though when (and if) it will arrive
I'm not, just now, prepared to say.
It may be late; and, then again,
It may completely miss the train.

Unless the sun breaks out in spots
Or there's an earthquake in Peru,
At some time—somewhere—not so soon—
A spell of sultry weather's due.
But there is also rain in store—
In fact, the mixture as before!

A deep depression looming up
From the Atlantic may upset
All calculations; then, of course,
The heat-wave will be very wet.
In any case, don't cast a clout
Until (let's say) September's out!

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IN front of you at this moment is the opportunity to win a fortune—£15,000 for 6d.

On the Entry Form on the right are 28 Slogans. Select the best 12 and this colossal sum may be yours. All you have to do is to place 12 Crosses only in each entry column you complete. You are not asked to place the slogans in any order of merit.

Read over the Slogans carefully. Which are most likely to help in this great appeal? **Exercise your judgment and skill and it may mean £15,000 in your pocket.**

All the prizes are guaranteed by the "Daily Herald" and the whole of the profits will go to the Royal Veterinary College. The huge first prize of £10,000 must be won and an extra £5,000 will be paid to the winner, making £15,000 in all, if he or she should be a registered reader of the "Daily Herald."

By entering this contest without delay you may do yourself a really good turn. In any event you will be doing a good turn to a noble institution desperately in need of help.

Fill up the form on the right now. **THIS CONTEST IS OPEN TO ALL.** Further attempts may be made on Entry Forms which appear every day in the "Daily Herald."

FOR CLOSING DATE see the "Daily Herald."

Rules and Conditions.

(1). Entry Form must be filled in as directed in ordinary ink and must not be mutilated or altered. **TWELVE CROSSES ONLY** must be written in the blank spaces provided in any one column used.

(2). Spaces for up to five entries have been provided on each form and the subscription for the competition is sixpence per entry. Postage stamps cannot be accepted in payment of the entry money. Entries may only be made on printed forms provided.

(3). In the case of a competitor sending in insufficient money to cover all the entries made by him, the judges will treat such number of his entries as would be covered by the entry money received as proper entries in the Competition, the remaining entries being disqualified. The entries eligible to be selected will be from Number 1 upwards to the total of the entry fee paid.

(4). Entrants must write their name and usual address on each Entry Form, and all completed Entry Forms must be neatly cut out and sent by the competitor to ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE, APPEAL HEADQUARTERS, 103, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

(5). After the close of the competition the list of 28 slogans will be submitted to a Committee of Experts who will decide the best Twelve. The competitor whose twelve selections in any one entry column agree or most nearly agree with the decision of this Committee will be awarded the first prize, the next nearest will receive the second prize, and so on. The entries will be checked under the supervision of Messrs. Hugh Macrae and Co., Chartered Accountants, London.

(6). In the event of a tie or ties, the prizes so affected will be divided. If the first prize is divided the additional prize of £5,000 will be similarly divided and only such shares of the additional £5,000 paid to the prize-winners as are won by registered readers of the "Daily Herald." No entrant can win more than one prize or one share of any prize.

(7). The Royal Veterinary College reserves the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which its Council considers good and sufficient, and the decision of the Council of the College upon any point whatsoever shall be accepted as final and legally binding. The Royal Veterinary College takes no responsibility for any entry form lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

(8). Employees of the Royal Veterinary College and the "Daily Herald" and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

(9). The closing date for the receipt of entries will be advertised in the papers used for advertising the Competition; but competitors are requested to send in their entries as early as possible. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the "Daily Herald" on a date to be announced, and every prize-winner will be individually notified.

(10). Failure to comply with any of the rules involves disqualification.

Further Entry Forms appear each day in the "Daily Herald."

GREAT Animal Lovers Contest

Organised by the Royal Veterinary College in conjunction with the "Daily Herald."

Choose the best Twelve of the 28 Slogans by placing a X against those selected in the blank spaces provided below. Each column represents one sixpenny entry. **INSERT TWELVE CROSSES ONLY IN EACH COLUMN YOU COMPLETE—OR YOU WILL BE DISQUALIFIED.** No order of merit required. *Ink must be used.*

Help Our Dumb Friends!		One Entry 6d. ↓	Two Entries 1/- ↓	Three Entries 1/6 ↓	Four Entries 2/- ↓	Five Entries 2/6 ↓
1	I'd give my life for you. What will you give for me?					
2	Please help the pal that never lets you down.					
3	A Gift in Time Saves a Life Like Mine.					
4	I'm game enough for anything, are YOU game enough to help me?					
5	"Man-kind" they call you:—DO prove that it's true!					
6	Kindness towards Dumb Creatures is a step towards Heaven.					
7	I gave you my "Faith," Can I "Hope" for your "Charity"?					
8	As one Sport to another, please give us a leg up.					
9	I am dumb, but I do hope you aren't deaf.					
10	I'll give the "lick" if you'll give the promise.					
11	Your "Generosity" will be rewarded with "Dumb" gratitude.					
12	You'd love to help me? Thanks. I'd LOVE you to.					
13	Your life is your own, but mine is in your hands.					
14	Be a Pal and Help a Pal.					
15	We LIVE for you—won't you GIVE for us?					
16	A little help in time is better than a lot too late.					
17	Affectionate and True, in return, I look for help from you.					
18	You can depend on me. Can I depend on you?					
19	You loved me when in health; now give me health—for love.					
20	Animals suffer in silence—Don't be "silent" to their sufferings.					
21	We can't speak—but we look to you to see us through.					
22	A silent appeal calling for a sound response.					
23	I'm game when I'm well, so play the game when I'm not.					
24	You taught me begging for sport, be a sport now. I'm begging.					
25	Please spare a fraction for a pal out of action.					
26	With my eyes I plead for the help I need.					
27	Appealing little beggar, aren't I? Can I "touch" you?					
28	Faithful always to you—now do your bit for me.					

You can use this form for one or more entries, but must send entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Insert twelve crosses only in each column you complete. No order of merit required.

I agree to abide by the Rules, and enclose

P.O. Number ..... value ..... covering ..... entries.

P.O. is crossed / & Co. / and is made payable to The Royal Veterinary College.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

(Block Letters) .....

(Please write clearly in ink. Place three-halfpenny stamp on your envelope.) J.B.2.

Cut Along Here

Address Your Entry: (Dept. J.B. 2.) ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE, APPEAL HEADQUARTERS, 103, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

CHARITY-MONGER of the Worst Type

CHARITY-MONGERING has long been a profitable profession, and in these times, when the public heart is easily touched by the genuine distress that exists, bogus appeals are being launched on an alarmingly widespread scale.

Birmingham, England's second city and one of the greatest industrial centres of the world, is just now receiving a lot of attention from the charity-mongers.

One exceptionally active individual is an evangelist who is known variously as Pastor Herbert Mares and Captain Mares.

With headquarters at 33, High Street, Saltley, he is busying himself with appeals that are calculated to stir the coldest hearts.

Feeble hope?

One "Special Appeal" is before us now, and it talks of the "wistful prayer of the slum child." Though often hungry and cold, the public is told, these children never lose hope.

Pastor Mares and his colleagues profess a desire to provide for as many as possible of the poorest slum children. "Your gifts will help to provide great joys for little hearts," one message runs.

And a general appeal closes with the instruction that "Gifts of Love" may be sent to the officer in charge.

At the present moment Pastor Mares is busily engaged with a woman helper in conducting house-to-house collections throughout Birmingham and the Midlands, but at intervals he holds meetings in an old disused Salvation Army hall in Saltley. As evidence of his supposed good work he sometimes publishes a photograph showing a group of happy children who have been given the rare joy of a day in green fields.

A holiday in fairyland for poor city kiddies. But very few of them would have got there if they'd left it to the pastor

We can say at once that there is little or nothing to justify the widespread appeals which he makes for funds, and that he is not in any way a desirable person to conduct charities for the alleged benefit of little children.

He is a man who has dabbled in doubtful evangelistic and charitable circles for years. Although he originally succeeded in entering the Salvation Army, he got no further than their training college, and soon left as "unlikely to become an efficient officer."

Since then his activities have been varied and strange.

For a time he worked under the auspices of the Northern Evangelistic Association, a questionable concern presided over by the Reverend A. J. Matthews—a self-ordained bogus cleric, who for years made far and wide appeals for funds, aided by a woman who passed as "Sister Norah."

It was on taking up these duties that Mares affected the designation "Pastor," but he was too ambitious to remain an underling.

So he founded an opposition "Mission" in Smethwick, which did not enjoy a very long life.

Nothing daunted, he then founded another venture known as the Sheep Street Mission, which, in turn, was followed by the "People's Mission."

Maze of missions

Another of his charitable organisations was known as the United Evangelistic and Midland Scripture Mission.

This later became merged with another mission, and the name was changed to the United Evangelistic and Midland Scripture Mission (Incorporated), with headquarters in the Syrie Hall, Birmingham.

An examination of one "balance-sheet" will suffice to show how unfitted "Pastor" Mares is for such stewardship.

In one period of a few months the mission devoted less than a quarter of the disclosed receipts to benevolent work.

What became of the balance? Nearly three-quarters was swallowed up in salaries of the administrative officials; while what remained was accounted for under the headings "rent," "stationery" and "travelling expenses."

To-day, Mares is taking on fresh responsibilities and is actively engaged as the Birmingham representative of a queer body called the Christian Volunteer Force.

Fine feathers

He is thus able to parade on occasion in a blue uniform with silver facings and to assume the rank of "Captain."

A woman named Percival, who has been associated with him in many of his past short-lived charities, is now ably supporting him in his appeals. She also parades in uniform and enjoys the rank of "Lieutenant."

The Christian Volunteer Force, we may add in passing, is a so-called charity of Scottish origin, the leading light of which is a man who passes as "Commander" James Hutchinson.

It is not long since we had occasion to criticise its activities in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and the fact that it has deputed a person of Mares' calibre to represent it in Birmingham shows that our comments were justified.

The investigation in Birmingham of the tangled affairs of "Pastor" H. Mares has led to the astonishing discovery that his wife is also in the charity "business," though she appears to be working on her own.

Though she started in Birmingham, and did very well there, she evidently decided that the city was not quite big enough to hold two such accomplished appeal organisers as herself and her husband.

Ignore them

So she has come South and is now operating in the London area, with headquarters at Watford.

She also affects the title of "Pastor" and presides over a concern called the United Protestant City and Central Mission.

No recent balance-sheet is available, but during its heyday in Birmingham some amazing figures were revealed. Seventy-five per cent. of its receipts went in expenses!

In these circumstances readers will be well advised to ignore any appeal for funds which may emanate from Mares or his wife, who have both battened upon the charitable public far too long.

Maimed Miners Cruelly Neglected

FOUR HUNDRED former employees of the Albion Colliery, of Cilfynydd, near Pontypridd, who were in receipt of compensation when the company went into liquidation a year ago, are wondering what their future fate is to be.

Although their individual claims vary from £2 to £800, there seems small prospect of anything being realised, though false hopes were raised not long ago by an announcement that £55,000 was available for early disbursement.

What are the facts? The Albion Colliery Company had an original capital of £220,000, of which £50,000 represented 5 per cent. debentures.

It consistently paid good dividends, except for a slight lapse after a bad explosion some time ago, when 267 lives were lost.

Following the coal boom in the later stages of the war, the directors issued bonus shares equivalent to the nominal capital, thus raising the total to £440,000.

With profits to be shared over this increased amount, the dividends fell considerably, and the once-prosperous company found itself in difficulties. It was unable to weather the depression.

Interest on the debentures fell in arrears; rates and income-tax charges became long overdue, and a heavy overdraft was incurred.

The climax came in February, 1931, when the debenture shareholders put in a representative of the National Provincial Bank, Cardiff, as liquidator.

The company finally sold out for £40,000, a sum insufficient even to satisfy the debenture-holders.

It was then that the plight of old servants who had been maimed and injured in the company's service became desperate.

Their claims were taken up by officials of the Rhondda district of the Miners Federation, who prepared a list of all cases with a view to obtaining some sort of settlement.

Certain banks, hearing of this prospective settlement, began to get into touch with interested claimants with the object of getting them to deposit their money when paid.

The fact that these banks evidently believed that there was business to be had here tended to raise the hopes of the claimants, who were further misled by the unfortunate Press announcement that £55,000 was to be disbursed.

Actually, not a penny has been paid, nor is there any guarantee that funds will be forthcoming. Meanwhile, many needy claimants have been helped by the Public Assistance authorities, but have given agreements promising repayment immediately they are recompensed by the liquidator.

How much longer are these miners—many of whom have been grievously injured—to be kept in this terrible suspense? Cannot the liquidator issue some statement upon the subject?

£1 Souvenir Gift *to Our Readers*

Turn at once to the centre of JOHN BULL. There you will find a four-page Supplement giving details of the most astonishing Presentation Offer ever made to its readers by any paper in this country.

Tear out this supplement at once and fill up the forms which entitle you to a sumptuous £1 Dictionary, bound in handsome maroon and gold art leather, together with another invaluable volume—a Crossword Companion compiled specially for JOHN BULL.

This is JOHN BULL'S great Celebration Offer to every reader to mark the triumph of its enormous net sale, now in excess of a million and a half copies every week.

As next week marks our twenty-sixth birthday, we make this offer as a birthday gift in advance.

To this presentation souvenir you, as a reader of JOHN BULL, are fully entitled if you act at once. So turn straight away to the centre pages and find out all about this unique opportunity.

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Tell the porter to put Morecambe on the trunk when you're going away for a holiday. Morecambe has wonderful natural gifts. It stands on the coast but is surrounded by hills. It is almost within a stone's throw of the Lake District, with the wooded valleys of the Lune, the Greta, the Wyre and the Kent immediately behind it. Its promenade is one of the finest in England, set about with gardens, while from its terraces over fifty mountains are to be seen.
Golf can be played at Morecambe on one of the best courses in the kingdom, only recently laid down with every modern improvement in hazard and lie. Tennis and bowls, sailing and fishing, boating and bathing fill up the happy hours of holiday.
Morecambe flourishes by the recommendations of people who have been there.

Obtain a copy of "HOLIDAYS BY L M S" (the comprehensive Resorts and Apartments Guide)—post free 6d., from L M S Stations, Offices, Bookstalls and Booksellers. Official Guide on application to the Advertising Manager, Morecambe.

***HOLIDAY TICKETS.** This year Holiday Return Tickets offering very generous concessions will again be issued. Get a copy of "L M S Cheap Fares" at any L M S Station, Town Office or Agency.*

Tourist Tickets — May to October.
Cheap Week-End Tickets
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L M S

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

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Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

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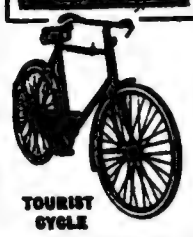

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JOLLY OLD HAY FEVER

A useless delusion

"I see the annual crop of articles appearing in the papers again on the distress of Hay Fever and the difficulties of relieving it," said my doctor to me this morning. "It's curious," he continued, "how some long-established prejudices persist in hanging on. Take this Hay Fever, for instance. I myself used to suffer tortures from it every summer, and I found it almost impossible to get any relief for myself or for patients—that is, until some four or five years ago.

"And it was only through a fluke that I *did* happen upon the very simple means of gaining relief. By chance I was near to a stand one day at some fair where nurses were demonstrating the virtues of the now universally known Milton, and I overheard a visitor proclaiming to one of the attendants how a simple spraying of his nostrils and gargling his throat with a weak solution once or twice a day had brought him instant relief and kept him through many seasons in comfort such as he had never known before. 'That's odd!' thought I. 'I've used Milton for my teeth for years, but I never dreamt it could relieve Hay Fever.' Every season since then I've found my Milton bottle to be a safe and sure refuge. And what a simple one! Everybody has a bottle nowadays, so one wonders why so many thousands still nurse the delusion that that hideous Hay Fever cannot be relieved. I know why it is, however. People are apt to chuck away any leaflet of directions which comes with any bottle they are accustomed to buying. So I am glad to see that now the Milton people have produced a form of packing which encourages every user to find out how really widespread are the uses of that wonderful fluid. Hay Fever, for one thing, will cease to be the terror it has always been. Go get a bottle yourself," said he, "and you'll see what I mean."

I did—for I too am a Hay Fever martyr. Within two minutes the nearest chemist had my sixpence, and I had a bottle. The amazing directions were there! And my doctor was right. The quick relief was almost dramatic!

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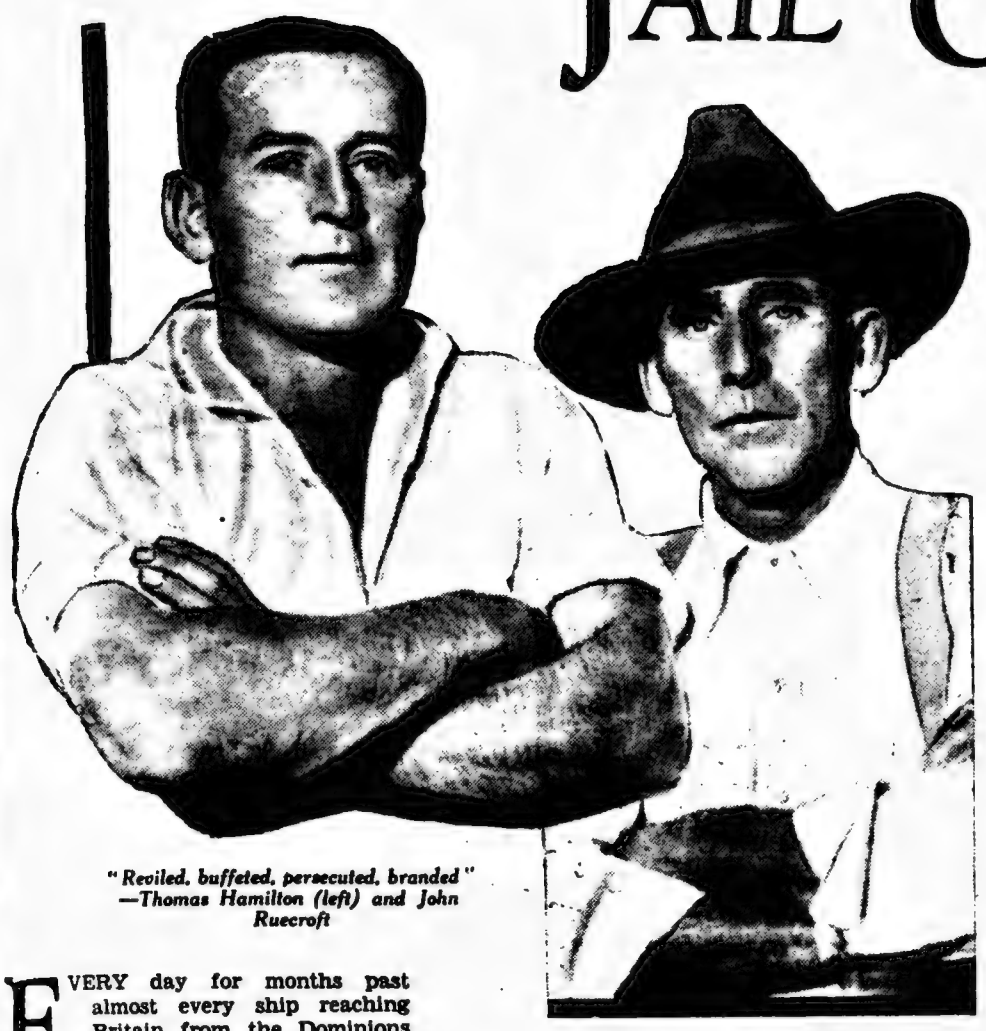
JAIL ORDEAL of British Emigrants



"Reviled, buffeted, persecuted, branded" —Thomas Hamilton (left) and John Ruecroft

EVERY day for months past almost every ship reaching Britain from the Dominions has carried a pitiful cargo of human derelicts.

They are men and women and their families who not long ago were attracted and assisted by State funds to go overseas to so-called lands of promise and opportunity—Canada and Australia in particular.

Having sold their homes here, these men and women were prepared to toil hard to win prosperity in new surroundings.

But our emigrants in recent years have had to face difficulties and suffering such as never had to be endured by those who went before them.

With cruel recklessness they were pitched into already overcrowded labour markets about which the emigration authorities had been careful to tell them nothing.

Tragic deportees

To-day, destitute and with their spirits broken, the victims of this callous official hoax, after pauperism and imprisonment abroad as public charges, are being deported in multitudes and dumped on the quays of Britain with only an invitation to enter the workhouses as thanks for their sacrifice and humiliation.

A liner from Montreal the other day carried four hundred third-class passengers Three hundred of them were labelled deportees—"returned unwanted and empty," as they are now known at the ports.

Other ships from Canada and elsewhere have even had more deportees than paying passengers, and daily the volume of this tragic traffic is growing.

All this has been concealed from the public so far. Out of a vast number of cases lately placed before JOHN BULL, we here describe the latest as a shocking example of the degradation and brutality being inflicted upon honest British workers.

It concerns two men, Thomas Hamilton and John Ruecroft, who came down the gangway, among a company of other deported unfortunates, from a liner at Southampton a few days ago. Every incident of their extraordinary experiences is substantiated by documents.

Hamilton, a Liverpool man who was formerly a miner in Cheshire and South Wales, and Ruecroft, a shipyard worker from Hartlepool, are both muscular men whose spirit rebelled against the "dole" queue when unemployment befell them.

They succumbed to the temptation of the colourful posters on the employment exchange walls announcing the chances of livelihood waiting in the farmlands of Australia to be seized.

They sought and were given official assurances that they were men of the exact type required, and that they would be given every encouragement to progress in fruitful work.

Their dismay was great when the first spectacle they saw on reaching Australia was a herd of disillusioned emigrants assembled in readiness to be sent home.

Quickly finding that they had been deceived and that no work of any kind was to be obtained near the townships, they went into the hinterland.

From farm to farm they plodded on a hopeless quest, grimly being brought to realise that they were only following the trail of an army of Britons who had preceded them in the search for the falsely promised jobs.

So great was the surfeit of labour that the few farmers who could give a day's work did not need to pay wages. A procession of despairing men was willing to perform it for a meal.

On and on they went from coast to coast, nearly 2,000 miles of tramping, living almost wholly on rabbits they trapped and sleeping where they fell exhausted.

They came to a seaport and decided to leave Australia by stowing away in a grain ship for South Africa.

When they presented themselves on deck at sea, the captain allowed them to join the crew and work their passages as far as Portuguese East Africa, where they were landed.

Again they went on the trek for work, visiting every white settlement on a route through Portuguese territory, the Congo, and back through the Rhodesias.

Even the smallest communities had their unemployment problems and everywhere were to be seen British people, settlers and recent emigrants, without means of livelihood.

To get from place to place, Hamilton and Ruecroft had a number of times to swim crocodile-haunted rivers.

They tried to reach the copper mines of the north, but in the Belgian Congo were turned back because of reports that some tribes whom they would encounter had reverted to cannibalism.

While sleeping in a kraal, they were attacked by natives who mistook them for cattle thieves, and one was mauled and the other stabbed so seriously that they could not move for weeks.

Their bed was usually the veld, with the roar of lions and the barking of jackals for their nightly choir.

Daring escape

And these experiences came not to men who were outcasts wandering over the earth, but to ordinary British artisans who had been enticed abroad by the promise of work. They and countless others had only been exploited to cheapen local labour.

But worse was in store for them. They came to Bulawayo and on registering for work were asked for their permits to enter South Africa. They had none, and were put in jail.

After seventeen days, the men were released and told to proceed to Durban, where employment might be provided.

At Durban they reported to the immigration officer who, finding they had papers for Australia but not Africa, ordered them to be arrested.

Weeks passed and still Hamilton and Ruecroft lay in the Durban prison without trial or explanation.

They shared a narrow cell, upon the walls of which was pencilled a long list of the names and histories of previous occupiers—all Britons who had emigrated and been deported.

After four months' incarceration Ruecroft escaped by climbing the prison wall and a barbed wire barrier on top of it.

He went to a local newspaper office and so astonished the editor by the story of his and Hamilton's imprisonment without trial or even charge being made, that he was taken at once to the magistrates' court.

Two policemen were waiting there, however, and before he could reach the magistrate he was seized and taken back to jail.

For six months in all the two men lingered in their tiny cell, allowed only brief periods of exercise in a small yard and refused even to be allowed to write to their families or friends in Britain.

Like criminals . . .

Then one day, still with no trial or accusation against them except that as British subjects they had been found in a British colony without papers, they were marched out and taken by escort to a ship to be deported like criminals

Reviled, buffeted, persecuted, imprisoned, branded—they are now stranded in London without a possession after crossing oceans and traversing continents for work.

Their only crime is that they responded to the call of the Empire at a time when the emigration authorities were deliberately flooding the Dominions with surplus labour, careless and reckless of the consequences in human misery and suffering.

BURGLARS AGAIN!

When the home of Mr. Morris, Beaufort Road, Ashton-under-Lyne, was broken into by burglars recently, he was able to replace the stolen goods, thanks to a cheque for £19 16s. received under JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance Gift.

Especially was he pleased at the additional 10 per cent. Bonus he received. This is paid to all readers who at the time of receiving benefit have been registered for three months or more.

"We think your burglary insurance very well organised and deserving of every recommendation and praise," writes Mr. Morris.

Protection of the home against burglars was one of many innovations recently made to our free insurance scheme. See page 34.

Clergymen, BEWARE!

EXCEPTIONAL ingenuity is being shown by a rogue named R. Pellatt in order to obtain charitable grants by fraud; and complaints about him are being received from all quarters.

Among his latest victims is a South London clergyman on whom he called with a most plausible story.

His visit was expected because a telephone message, purporting to come from a reputable association, had been received a little earlier, asking that Mr. Pellatt should be given any possible assistance.

Mr. Pellatt explained at the interview that he had fallen upon evil days, but that the Congregational Union was making him a substantial grant from its funds.

Unfortunately, he would have to wait for several days, and the purpose of his present visit was to ask the clergyman to write a letter on his behalf to see if the promised payment could not be expedited.

This the clergyman very readily did, and after he had listened to a long but convincing recital of Mr. Pellatt's woes, he went further and advanced the man £2 10s to tide him over until the official grant came through.

It now transpires that the whole story was fictitious, but that Pellatt was word perfect in every detail is explained by the fact that he has hoaxed charitable people all over the country in an almost identical manner.

His telephonic "recommendations" are all sent by himself.

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Weekly Informations from Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs

A corner of the Bedfordshire fruit farm

FINANCIER'S *Apple-Sauce*

IT is a far cry from bricks and mortar to fruit-farming on a newly-formed English plantation, but Mr. John Alexander Whitehead, of Potton, Bedfordshire, apparently believes that drastic changes are good for one.

He is nothing if not original, and, after being involved in disastrous building ventures, is now appealing to investors, through the medium of advertisements and printed matter, offering huge profits from apples.

All you have to do is to put down £50, pay £2 a month for three years, and leave the rest to Mr. Whitehead and his colleagues at the Cockayne Hutley Plantation in Bedfordshire.

I note that it is not even necessary to go near the farm or to worry at all about the trees that are going to make you wealthy.

All the worrying will be done by others who will tackle the troublesome work of planting, tending and gathering in the ultimate crops, while you sit back in an armchair and wait for the money to roll in.

Of course, you must be content with a modest £10 a year on each £122 invested at first, but in six years, if the fruity scheme develops, as Mr. Whitehead hopes, this interest will have risen to £60.

It all sounds so rosy that I have delved more deeply into this proposition, and for the sake of those who may be tempted to invest in this Bedfordshire Eden, it may be well to make my discoveries known.

An attractively printed brochure sets forth the plan in optimistic detail.

Very optimistic!

A company called Chepco Limited, of Potton, Bedfordshire, I learn, owns some 350 acres of freehold land eminently suitable for the growing of Cox's orange pippins. There are actually 100,000 Cox's orange pippin trees ready for planting out next season.

"In order," the directors say, "to give an opportunity to the small investor to share in the substantial profits from a scientifically-managed, intensive plantation, Chepco Limited are sub-dividing the plantation into freehold one-acre and half-acre units."

The terms, however, differ slightly from those outlined in the advertisement. An acre unit costs £320 cash or £340 on the instalment plan, £100 down and £10 a month for twenty-four months. A half-acre unit costs £155 cash, or £55 down and £5 a month for twenty-three months.

Profits, as yet, are entirely in the anticipatory stage, and here the promoters give full rein to their optimism.

Their "conservative" estimating causes the profit percentage to rise sharply, until in the sixth year the yield per acre is £200, showing a profit of £150 or 75 per cent.!

It all seems too good to be true, so I submitted the scheme to a financial expert.

His comments are illuminating. He says:

"The terms are excessive. The financial position of the company is extremely bad. No details as to the cost of management of the plots of land to be sold are given.

"It will be three years before there could be any yield on capital. No details are available as to selling arrangements. An optimistic forecast is made regarding the price the apples will fetch on the market. What is the cost of marketing to be?

"Chepco Limited was registered on October 10, 1930, with a nominal capital of £5,000, which was later increased to £30,000. The directors are John Alexander Whitehead, who is also described on the correspondence as secretary, and William George Cooper, a retired colonel.

"On November 28, 1931, the company was £4,950 in debt including mortgages, and of the share capital £5,700 was allocated for a consideration other than cash."

Such a report from a financial authority contrasts sadly with the optimism of the booklet and bodes ill for the "anticipated" profits.

Further investigation, however, reveals an astounding state of affairs.

The first director and secretary of the company, John Alexander Whitehead, has been twice bankrupt as a result of embarking upon ambitious schemes in connection with building and estate propositions and the sale of plots of land.

He was made bankrupt in 1920, failing for the huge sum of £110,204 and paying no dividend to his creditors. He secured his discharge in October, 1923.

Shortly afterwards he started another building scheme at Twickenham, where it was his practice to raise money on mortgages on the houses as they were partially erected.

This reckless venture resulted in a second bankruptcy with gross liabilities of £25,721, piled up within two years of his discharge from his first huge failure.

Upon this occasion his creditors secured 3s. 0½d. in the pound.

His creditors included a bank, various trade creditors, moneylenders, private individuals, doctors, and even the school where his children were being educated.

Don't be tempted

Eventually Whitehead obtained his discharge towards the end of 1929.

In between these two bankruptcies several county court judgments were obtained against Whitehead.

This, then, is the man who is now holding forth the tempting bait of 75 per cent. interest to small investors.

His apple-farming scheme, launched almost immediately after his discharge from his second disastrous bankruptcy, is already nearly £5,000 in debt, and the trees which are to show such wonderful profits are for the most part still unplanted!

CROOK *who* SWEPT *the* BOARD!

A DAZZLINGLY spectacular swindler is at large to-day in the person of James Robertson, a distinguished-looking man of affairs of sixty, who pits himself chiefly against big business men.

He has duped the entire board of directors of a distillery company; has "sold" non-existent property, and has robbed investors in the names of companies with which he is not even remotely connected.

How does he do it? To begin with, he has the great advantage of unusual personal charm; but he is also a master of bluff and a man of undoubted commercial knowledge and experience that is international in scope.

Take the case of the distillery company, upon which he descended only last month. Robertson had engineered everything so craftily that he brought the entire board of directors together at their Glasgow office especially to meet him. *And then he didn't turn up!*

With credentials and business papers, now known to be forged, he led these worthy directors to believe that he was a man of immense influence in certain overseas markets.

The object of the board meeting was to decide the terms of his appointment as representative for the company in Central and South America.

It can now be revealed that he never intended to be present, but was merely setting the stage for a coup that was to follow.

He had previously ascertained that the managing director of the company would be in London on the day following that on which the meeting was held in Glasgow, so he sought out this individual in London and apologetically explained that illness had made it impossible to attend to discuss business with the board.

* * *

In the course of conversation, he contrived to ascertain how long the managing director would be in London, and then, in order that they might have an opportunity for talking over business, he invited the other to dine with him that same evening at the Great Northern Hotel.

Unsuspectingly, the director kept this appointment and waited patiently for the suave Mr. Robertson to appear.

Once again the international business expert kept away, and while the hungry director watched the clock anxiously the crook was busily telegraphing to the company's various branches in his name asking for substantial sums to be telegraphed to London at once. One branch sent £50, another £30, and so on.

In this way Mr. Robertson made a very quick turnover, which was handsome enough to repay him for all the trouble he had gone to in paving the way for this coup.

But that is only one phase of his activities. Among his recent victims is a woman who has lost nearly £400.

Robertson varied his story for this occasion and posed as the owner of extensive plantations overseas, backing up his assertions with a wealth of printed matter which set forth everything in most attractive terms.

He had answers for every query that was put to him, and was able to furnish most convincing figures; but once he had got the money he disappeared and the woman got nothing in return.

All she has been able to find out about the proposition is that the printed matter so effectively displayed by Robertson *related to property that had never been his to sell!*

Not many weeks ago he heard by chance that a Sussex firm was in temporary difficulties, and immediately saw in its passing embarrassment an opportunity for enriching himself.

Seeking an interview with the secretary, he introduced himself as a financier with huge investments abroad, but still having "a few thousands" to spare for financing sound home industries.

In this way he got the directors to tell him sufficient about the company's affairs and to entrust him with documents that enabled him to carry out a very ingenious swindle

Posing as a responsible official of the company, he at once proceeded to approach investors and offer them an interest in the business.

* * *

He was able to talk with such authority upon everything relating to the company that he soon found quite a number of dupes willing to purchase partnerships.

So active has this master swindler been of late that he has scores of dupes —in fact, his victims are to be found in Cheltenham, Brighton, Hull, Exeter, Newcastle, Cromer and Liverpool.

He is regarded by Scotland Yard as one of the most successful criminals at large, and a special appeal has just been issued to all the principal police stations throughout the country in a concerted drive to bring about his arrest, which is long overdue.

What will Happen on

WIN-OR-LOSE

AT Tattenham Corner next Wednesday something will happen that will fulfil or dash the hopes of millions all over the world.

What will this something be?

Will it mean that the favourite, Orwell, romps home a winner amid the acclamations of thousands?

Or will the unexpected happen, something so unexpected as to stun the crowds to silence?

For it is at Tattenham Corner that the Derby is always won or lost. Here a flash of fearless riding may give victory to an outsider, or a single slip of a hoof may change the fortunes of the great race.

Although this greatest of all sporting events lasts for a mere two and a half minutes from feverish start to frenzied finish, the result is usually decided in a matter of seconds—at this spot, where a steep descent and even sharper curve provide a double peril for horse and man, a double thrill for the multitude.

The story of Tattenham Corner is the story of all the thrills of all the Derbys.

Fortune's Bend

Almost any memory of daring, foolhardiness, inspired horsemanship or of heart-breaking mistake in this classic race is a memory of this curve that has been the turning point of more fortunes than the goldfields of Klondyke.

The faces of the riders in the Jockeys' Room at Epsom before the race next Wednesday will tell you what an adventure it is, if nothing else.

There will be no chattering and joking among the jockeys as there is on lesser occasions. With few exceptions they will be grim and silent, their faces stamped with the impress of their responsibilities of the next quarter of an hour.

The exceptions are Donoghue, Childs, and the few others who have mastered the dreaded Tattenham Corner.

When a joke breaks the silence of the room the chances are ten to one it comes from "Steve."

Then the less experienced look up with faces on which surprise and admiration are strangely mixed—wondering whence such coolness and courage comes, and hoping to have it themselves some day.

There may be jockeys absent from that room who have not wanted a Derby mount because of the nerve-wracking strain that the descent at Tattenham Corner entails.

Without courage at the Corner nothing else matters — speed, stamina, nothing. Here the courage of the jockey can transform even a second-rate horse into a Derby winner.

"Winning the rails," as the jockeys themselves describe the snatching of the inside position there, is achieved by a brilliant blend of daring and skill—daring to get to the rails at all when every other jockey has the same aim in view, and skill to hold the position on such a downhill curve, on a horse bent like a piece of whalebone, when the speed tends to swing the whole field wide of the rails.

Some of the jockeys who will ride on Wednesday have this rare blend of daring and skill, but none more than Donoghue, although it was Herbert Jones, riding King Edward's horse Minoru in 1909, who gave the best display of it.

"Stolen" Derby

So much so that it has always been said since that Jones "stole" the Derby for King Edward. There is no more complimentary way of describing his supreme display of skill.

He was nine lengths behind the leader, with a number of other horses in front, and apparently well beaten, when the whole field swung out from the rails. Instantly seizing his chance, he set Minoru at the gap and slipped through.

Considering the narrowness of the gap, the imminent danger of its closing, the turmoil of pounding horses ahead and Jones' bad position when this faint chance was offered, it was the finest example of jockeyship at Tattenham Corner on record.

Yet Jones was so cool-headed throughout that he was able, afterwards, to give the positions of at least six other horses in the crush at the corner.

Donoghue possesses the rare ability to recognise every other horse and jockey in the pounding, yelling mass of man and horse at such moments as this—unlike most of the jockeys, even Derby winners, who in the mad rush at the turn have no time to take account of the positions of their rivals.

Donoghue has never equalled Jones' one great feat, but as a consistent Derby winner his triumphs are unequalled.

It needs supreme skill and daring, as well as good horses, to win the Derby three years in succession, as he did, on Humorist in 1921, Captain Cuttle in 1922, and Papyrus in 1923. In fact, his total number of Derby wins, six firsts and a number of places, is a record.

"Steve" knows

Here we can disclose his secret. It is that he treats the end of Tattenham Corner as if it were the finishing post.

"If you lead there, you win," he says. "Even a tired horse can keep its lead down the straight stretch home, because the gentle downhill nature of it until almost the end, is nothing but a rest after the long uphill race."

Watch "Steve" on Wednesday and you will see that he practises what he preaches.

From the start of the great race he rides at a break-neck pace for what is called by the crowd the "top o' the hill," the summit of the course at a point near where Tattenham Corner begins.

If he is there first—then leave it to him. If he is not—well, he has no cut-and-dried plan of "winning the rails" then. He changes his plans every second if changing circumstances demand it.

But rest assured that, whether he "wins the corner" or not, through it all he is sitting as cool and calm as a judge giving his summing-up—a rare quality as this story of the turmoil at the corner will illustrate.

The horse you back wheels around the Curve of Dashed Hopes. And if Tattenham's ordeal unnerves the jockey he'll never get home in front . . .

In Frenzy's grip

After one tremendous race a young, inexperienced jockey complained that another screamed an opprobrious epithet at him at the corner, where the yells of the riders can always be heard distinctly over the thunderous drumming of the horses' hoofs.

Yet a few questions soon showed that this jockey had been so bewildered during those frenzied seconds that apart from professing to have heard the word that was said to have been shouted at him, he had no knowledge of anything else that was going on.

But Donoghue, speaking as a kindly arbitrator in the dispute in the Jockeys' Room, showed that he remembered the positions and the tactics of the different jockeys and everything that was shouted during the mad gallop round the corner.

Frenzy is the one word that describes the rounding of the most famous curve in racing. When something else happens to add to the excitement, the English language fails to supply a suitable word.

That something else happened.

...n on Wednesday at—

CORNER, EPSOM?

IT IS AT THE TATTENHAM TURN WHERE THE DERBY IS WON OR LOST

Orwell in action. Tattenham Corner will decide whether his nose will be the first past the post

for instance, in 1913, when a suffragette crawled under the rails in full view of a stupefied multitude and dashed out in front of the field.

Twenty jockeys who realised the peril not only to her but to themselves looked down with horror. In a flash she threw herself down before Anmer, a colt owned by the King, and for a second it seemed as if the worst fears had been realised—that woman, jockey and horse had been killed.

Then, as the field thundered on, horse and rider rose unhurt. But the woman lay inert, with injuries that proved fatal.

Sensation followed sensation in that unforgettable Derby. The hot favourite Craganour, owned by Mr. C. Bower Ismay, the shipping magnate, came in first, but was disqualified on the initiative of the Stewards in favour of a despised outsider, Aboyeur, which was on offer at 100 to 1 when the race was about to start.

Tattenham Corner has yielded horrors, too, in other years, as it did when Flying Fox won the Derby for the late Duke of Westminster, although it is a debatable point whether his name would ever have been enrolled on the scroll of Derby winners if it had not been that mischance lurked at the corner.

Tod Sloan, the famous American jockey who introduced the present crouching style of riding to English racecourses, was coming round on the French invader Holocaust when his horse stumbled and somersaulted. One second the horse seemed to be the winner; the next, it was writhing in the agonies of injuries so severe that it had to be destroyed.

Archer's strategy

Sloan was heartbroken. Ever after he insisted that he would have won if he had not been hugging the rails as our modern jockeys strive to do.

It is widely believed of Donoghue that he comes round the bend with his foot over the rails, but that distinction belonged to Fred Archer, winner of six races in a day and 257 in a year.

It was said of him that it looked as if his horse was some mechanical thing gliding round on the rail itself.

But even if Donoghue to-day wanted to emulate Archer's performance he could not, for since the tragic suffragette incident an inner rail has been fitted which is too high for any such acrobatics.

"Steve" has had his Tattenham tumbles. His most serious Derby fall was on Abbots Trace twelve years ago.

Under the little man's skilful jockeyship the horse was making a good bid for success when he reeled as though he had lost his balance, and fell. Later it was found that exhaustion was mainly responsible for the accident.

Strangled cheers

At that time Steve was winning the popularity that is still his to-day—and the horror-stricken cry of "Steve down!" will be remembered as long as the race itself.

Fate and Tattenham Corner again conspired against a probable winner in 1910, when Sir Martin, an American horse ridden by J. H. Martin, was the victim.

Sir Martin was taking the corner in such fine style that his supporters were cheering themselves hoarse at the prospect of his winning. Then suddenly their shouts trailed into a sigh. The colt was down. He had "won the rails" to no purpose

Nor did the other leaders win. A following horse that was rushed into the breach and won the rail position was first home.

"First round the corner, first home in the Derby" is one of the safest of racing maxims.

What will it be?

Only two Derby winners of recent years have not led on coming into the straight—Felstead in 1928 and Blenheim in 1930.

Most of them have won at the corner—to name but a few, Sansovina, Coronach, Call Boy, Trigo and Cameronian. They will go down in history as Derby winners not only because they "had it in them," but because they had jockeys who were not afraid of that steep descent set on the worst curve in racing.

"Something will happen at Tattenham Corner on Wednesday"—something that will probably affect you. Millions are waiting to know what it will be.

"Silver Ring's" Derby Notes—See page 28

Start the day on your toes!

Here's quick new energy for the busy day ahead—Post Toasties. These delicious golden-crisp flakes of Indian corn will send you from the breakfast-table full of zest and vigour. Buy the big red and yellow packet from your grocer to-day, and try it to-morrow with milk or cream.

Post Toasties

The Wake-up Food

Post Toasties is one of the Post Food Products of the Grape-Nuts Company Ltd., 38 Upper Ground Street, Blackfriars, S.E.1. Also: Grape-Nuts, Post's Bran Flakes, Ostrio, etc., etc.

ONLY 7½d.

I FIND I am continually being persuaded to the evidence of a life hereafter by the behaviour of human beings in this. When you come to think of it, it is actually the only available evidence there is.

Tom Mullen was hanged in the jail in Ballarat five years ago. He had committed a bank robbery and shot the clerk in charge of the till. It was a barefaced murder. After desperate efforts at escape—so desperate that, at the end of them, a man of spirit must almost have been glad to be caught—he was arrested.

Despite all the advice of counsel and judge he pleaded guilty at his trial. This intolerance of formality was not unlike him. He was hanged on November 18, 1928. That is nearly four years ago.

In 1926 he had for a short while been stockman on my farm at Donnybrook, in Queensland. A harder worker and a more engaging personality I had seldom met. There is little class recognition over there. Master and man have few distinctions.

In the six months that Tom Mullen was with me we established between us a relationship that might well be called friendship.

At the end of those six months he disappeared. It is so easy to say a woman was in it and leave it at that—a sweeping indictment of her sex. There was a woman. But he never blamed her.

LOVE is a disturbing emotion. You can never be sure whether it is going to get the best or the worst out of a man. The woman was married He was reckless in any case.

And it happened to get the worst out of him. The worst in so much as that, in passionate need of money, he robbed a bank at Ballarat and shot the clerk in charge. That is bad enough. He was prepared when the time came to admit it. But that worst was not the whole of him.

I happened to be in Ballarat while he was lying in jail under sentence of death. I had read the case. With the consent of the authorities I sent a message asking if he would like to see me.

It is not a pleasant encounter, visiting a man in a condemned cell. I had to screw my will to send that message. It would not have been difficult to let him go alone to the gallows. I was at Donnybrook, in Queensland, for all he knew.

But I find one seldom regrets the acts to the performance of which one has had to exert one's will. Even when they are most unpleasant, there is an after-sense of achievement that cancels discomfort.

However, in the case of Mullen, I need have had no misgiving. He was possessed of the quiet though desperate courage of a man who has volunteered for a forlorn hope. He spoke about his impending death without emotion, as though it were the only conceivable issue.

"I've no doubt," he said with a straight smile, "that the Governor will be more upset than I shall at having to be up and about at eight o'clock in the morning."

BUT, on the whole, it was not that kind of grim irony which characterised our meeting.

He was not so much concerned with dying as with the stigma of his death.

"I'm all alone in this God-forsaken continent," he said, "so it doesn't matter to me. The Australian papers aren't read at home, and I don't suppose, with all the drama of the gangsters in America to give them tit-bits of news, that the English dailies are going to pay any attention to a straightforward murder in Ballarat.

"Thank God, Lucy's name hasn't come into it." Lucy was the married woman he loved. "There's no sex-attraction in this story. Not that the reporters have got hold of, anyhow. It won't make fancy reading, and the trial only took five minutes. So I'm all right there."

But there was something fretting him, and I asked him what it was.

"It's been my rule," he said, "to write a letter to my mother once every

From the DEAD to

"Hundred and twenty letters. Hundred and twenty months. How long's that?"

month. That'll be awkward—won't it? I've thought how awkward that'll be. She's an old lady. Lives in a little village under the Sussex Downs, where I was born.

"She's been there for thirty years. Has a little cottage there with hollyhocks up to the door. You know. Thatched roof, small windows and no air, but a kind of stuffy sweetness you get when there's lavender in all the drawers. Great old friend of the vicar's and busies herself with something they call the Women's Institute."

I sat listening to all this.

"Well—what's she going to do when my monthly letters stop? Eh?"

I didn't know how to answer him.

"Make enquiries. She's not a woman to sit in silence. I got my energy from her. She'll write off to Australia House. Name of Mullen. Where's my son? What's happened to him?

"'He's been hanged, ma'am, for committing murder.' Nice sort of letter to have to hide away in a drawer with a few sprigs of lavender. Mother of a murderer. Nice reputation to hide in a village of three hundred inhabitants, one street and the vicarage twenty yards away."

He sat looking at me with a grim smile on his face. Then he rose and went to a small cupboard where, in the condemned cell, they allowed him the luxury of keeping his books and whatever possessions he was allowed to hold on to.

From this cupboard he brought out a pile of envelopes. He put them on the table in front of me, when I saw that they were all addressed and stamped. To Mrs. Mullen, Greengate, South Harting, Sussex, England.

He smiled.

"I used to paint that gate green myself. Little wicket sort of affair at the bottom of the front garden. Painted fresh every spring for the honour and the name of the cottage. Colour of the hollyhock leaves. Her fancy."

"And what about these envelopes?" I asked.

"There's a letter in each one of them. There's forty there. I've got eleven more days. If I stick at it, I ought to get another eighty done before they tap on the door. Hundred and twenty letters. Hundred and twenty months. How long's that?"

"Ten years."

"Ten. She's sixty-eight. Women don't live as long as men—do they? Not as a rule. They say it's something to do with child-bearing. Takes it out of 'em. She had seven. Six girls. Trying to get me. Poor old darling. She shouldn't have tried so long. Better if she'd stopped at Susie."

THIS humour of his was too poignant. Possibly it helped him, but I was feeling uncomfortable. It all seemed so ghastly.

"What are you going to do with the letters?" I asked.

"I'll tell you. I wouldn't have let you upset yourself by coming here if it hadn't been for them. Seeing a man waiting to be hanged can't be much fun. But you were someone I could rely on. I'm stamping all those letters and I want 'em posted every month. Every month for ten years.

"Don't jump at it. It sounds easy, but it may become a hell of a bore. Hundred and twenty, you know. More

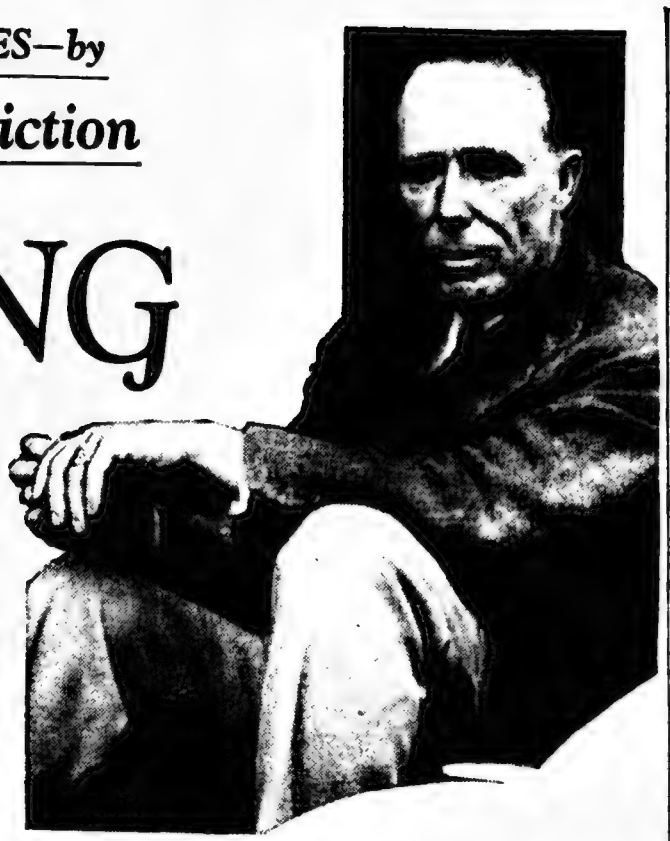
CAMEO TALES—*by Masters of Fiction*

the LIVING

by

E. TEMPLE THURSTON,

Author of "City of Beautiful Nonsense," "David and Jonathan," "Traffic," etc.



if I can manage it. Because she may live past seventy-eight. But it ain't easy concocting news for ten years that's going to read genuine.

"I tell you, you've got to have as much imagination as a writer of fiction, let alone thinking of the subjects you've got to avoid. But they must be posted each month. I'm relying on the date of the post-mark to give them conviction.

"If you feel it's too much of a responsibility, say so. I can pay some mailing firm to do it—if one could trust 'em. You suffer from an inferiority complex, you know, when you're going to be hanged.

"Either that, or I believe some of them get swelled head from knowing their name is in all the papers. It's inclined to be inferiority with me. I can see one of those clerks in the mailing firm, after a few months, saying, 'Oh, what the hell! He's hanged!'"

The grim irony of his difficulties and the pathetic simplicity of his purpose would have moved a stone. It never occurred to me to refuse.

"Of course, I'll take it on. Have you dated the letters yourself?"

"Lord, yes. There may be all sorts of discrepancies in the contents, but if the dates are convincing it'll take her in all right.

"I don't mind telling you now, I'd counted on your doing this. I was going to write to you when your message came. It seemed like the one bit of luck I've had. There's a streak of bad luck in it, you know, when you lose your head.

"I'm not complaining. But if God had arranged things in another way, I shouldn't have met Lucy. None of this would have happened. However. Yes, I counted on you. There aren't many people like that when you're thinking quick, because you know you're soon going to stop thinking.

"I'VE counted. I've written your address at Donnybrook on all of them. Her answers'll come there. You'd better tear 'em up. You can read 'em if you like."

I didn't stay in Ballarat till the day he was hanged. I realised how awful daybreak must be, not only for the dying man, but as well for those living ones who have any feeling of affection for him.

Even back in Queensland I felt the dawn break and heard the prison bell.

There was not a lot about it in the papers. I started posting his letters, and for a year the replies came regularly to Donnybrook.

Accepting his permission, I read them all. Evidently in his he had been telling her how well he was getting on on my farm. Her joy and pride were heartbreaking when you knew. She was always pleading him to come home.

"I should be so proud to walk down the little street with you. Past the school-house. It's not changed by a stone since you went to school there. And the vicar's getting very old. Couldn't you manage it, just for a holiday, before he dies? He would be proud to see you. So should I."

To come all the way from Australia to be seen by an English country vicar. Six thousand miles. I could almost catch the scent of her sprigs of lavender.

And then for some months business took me away from Donnybrook. I was two months in Sydney; three in Melbourne. And immediately following that I had to go from there to England. I had made a firm contract with a mailing company to post Tom's letters from Donnybrook. Her replies could accumulate until I returned.

In any case, I had made up my mind to go and see her when I was in England. I felt I might be able to reinforce the illusion. They had not let me know from home that for the last four months her letters had ceased.

AFTER some weeks in England, I saw the opportunity of running down from London to South Harting.

It was just as Tom had described it. The gate was still green. The hollyhocks were in flower. I could smell the lavender as I entered the parlour hall.

She was there to greet me. A shrivelled little woman of nearly seventy, with darting eyes that shone with a still tireless vitality and a very conscious pride.

"You'll have a meal with me?" she said at once.

I was only too ready to accept.

"And afterwards I want you to come with me to see the vicar. He's in bed with a cold. Getting very shaky, I'm afraid. He's over seventy."

As if she were the only person who could be allowed to approach the three score years and ten with unimpaired vitality.

"He wants to hear all about Tom," she said, in a penetrating voice of enthusiasm as her little maid passed through the parlour. "But you must come out and see the garden first."

We went into the garden. One of those English cottage gardens where the Madonna seems to like best that her lilies should grow, and there, when we were hidden from the house by a lilac bush, she suddenly took my arm.

"We'll talk about Tom in front of the maid," she said. "She's heard about him. She'll tell the whole village you're here."

There was something strange in the vitality of her voice that chilled me. I looked down at her wrinkled face. She was feeling in the breast of her black alpaca dress. She brought out a newspaper cutting and gave it me.

It was from an Australian newspaper. Some reporter had got hold of the story of Tom's letters to be posted after his death. Possibly a warder had sold the news. "One hundred and twenty letters from the Dead. Murderer's Ruse."

I crushed it up in my hand. I dared not look at her. Her courage was too awful and too sublime.

"I'm not going to ask you anything," she said. "Whatever he did, it was in another life. He's paid for it. It wasn't him. His letters are him."

We had a meal in the little parlour. All the time, while the little maid was there, she talked of her son, and I replied as though he were still at work with me in Donnybrook.

Presently we heard a footstep on the garden path between the hollyhocks. She uttered a cry of delight. It was the postman with the Australian mail.

Next Week's Cameo Tale

"A Dog's Chance"

by JEFFERY FARNOL

The "Greatest of These—"

The Luck Bringer

"BROTHERS, whilst we have time, let us do good." So ended one of the exhortations of St. Francis of Assisi to his brothers. In these days, the difficulty is to find the wherewithal to give the financial help needed to do good to the down-and-out families of ex-Service men who have grown almost hopeless in their search for work.

When the rent is long overdue and there is no prospect of stemming the arrears, eviction follows very swiftly.

And father, mother and, perhaps, four or five kiddies form one of those forlorn little groups we sometimes meet wandering wearily from street to street, utterly dejected, with nothing before them but the institution.

In many instances it would have taken only two or three pounds to have saved them. "Oh, the pity of it—the pity of it!"

Or, it may not be a case of eviction. Perhaps dad is still getting his unemployment pay, and the rent is kept clear at the expense of food and clothing for the kiddies. Mother is often seen crying over her household work because she can't make ends meet.

To our subscribers it will be a consolation to know that through their help the fund has saved many such families; they have given hope to the hopeless. But many have to go unhelped because the fund wants more money.

"Charity," it is said, "is a luck bringer." In any case, it is the finest thing in the world. And the fund is our readers' opportunity.

All subscriptions should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions received can be seen at this office, and the current week's list will be sent on application.

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Better to Marry

HUMAN DOCUMENTS —Probed by PHILIP INMAN

IN my postbag this week is a letter from a girl reader. It is so intensely practical and deals with a question that must affect so many people that it is worth giving in full.

This is what she writes:

"There are no intriguing situations or dramatic lines to my problem, but I feel there must be hundreds of girls in the same position as myself. I should be very glad of your advice.

"I am twenty-eight years of age and for the past two years have been engaged to a boy four years my junior. When we had been engaged a month my fiancé received his notice. This was through no fault of his own, but because of the general trade depression.

"It was difficult for him to find work in his own trade, which is a skilled one, as there are 40,000 of his fellow employees similarly placed. He therefore secured a job as a bricklayer's labourer and handyman. His wages are £2 8s. 6d. a week; I am working, too, and earn £1 18s. 6d.

"We would both like to get married in September, but he thinks it is hardly fair to ask me to start on his small wages. We have worked out a week's expenses again and again, and know that after paying for bare necessities there would be no margin left. You see, I should have to give up my work after marriage as we live in different towns, eighty miles apart.

* * *

"This is how I view the position.

"*For an early marriage*:

"At twenty-eight I feel it is time I settled down, got used to the responsibilities of matrimony, and had children—many people seem to be married and have a family on as little.

"*Against an early marriage*:

"We both have good homes and another year's savings would make a big difference to our sense of security. Have we any right to bring children into the world before we can properly afford them?

"We are both used to a reasonable amount of the good things of life; would our love carry us over the sacrifices which starting housekeeping on £2 8s. 6d. a week would entail? If there is any doubt in our minds, should we risk it?

"The decision lies with me: what should I say?

"Perhaps we haven't enough patience, but it is a very lonely road. We have been waiting over two years for something to turn up and we are both tired of only seeing each other for about

They have faced up to life, these two. They feel now that their love will stand the test of poverty. Then let them wed, says Philip Inman

twenty-four hours once a month. Life seems to be all railway stations, comings and goings, with long waits between. We love each other and could wait longer, but are we delaying our happiness by not taking a risk? I am a business girl and am ready to tackle this problem, but I would like to feel that I have a reasonable chance of success."

There is the letter. Here is the problem in a nutshell—What should be the income of a couple who want to marry?

In a sentence the answer is—It all depends upon the couple.

But the question goes rather deeper than that. "Have we any right to bring children into the world before we can properly afford them?" she asks.

Ordinarily I should answer "No." But we are not living in ordinary days. As Shakespeare says in "Hamlet"—"The time is out of joint."

And if some couples have to wait either for security of employment, or for a decent income before they marry and have children—then God help the future of the race!

But is £2 8s. 6d. a week a reasonable amount to marry on? It depends upon whether my correspondent feels that she can keep house on that sum.

There is no surer way to incur domestic unhappiness than by running into debt. If my correspondent feels that she can avoid that, I think she might with every confidence take the plunge.

I like the tone of her letter. She is obviously a very sensible girl.

And I like the sound of her young man, too. It requires some grit for a skilled craftsman to become a bricklayer's labourer. Many a single man in his position would have been content to wait for the revival of his particular trade.

I believe those two have it in them to make a success of their marriage. After all, others have won through against greater odds.

* * *

I was talking the other day to a successful business man who owns over fifty shops. He told me that his father was a farm labourer who never earned more than 17s. 6d. a week, and he and his wife brought up five children on that wage.

In comparison, £2 8s. 6d. sounds princely, but I admit, of course, that the two cases are not quite comparable.

My friend's father lived in the country probably forty years ago. Very likely he would be provided with a cottage, vegetables, milk, etc. That is a very different proposition from living in a town to-day—rents, rates, cost of living are on a very different scale.

But the principles are the same. In his case, as in that of my correspondent, their wages would not leave a margin for any luxuries.

But if a couple enjoy good health and are perfectly sure of themselves, a little hardship at the beginning of their married lives is often a blessing rather than the reverse.

Sacrifice, when it is shared, is often like sorrow—it binds people closer together.

PHILIP INMAN is "John Bull's" "Humanist." He wants to help you out of your trouble. Why not let him try? Write to him and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid to the sender of each letter quoted.

The Human Machine

It's Your Job!

PEOPLE who want efficient brains must cultivate them. We are all what we make ourselves—no more, no less. Those who seek for other causes than their own unwillingness to work for the improvement and success they complain is lacking only deceive themselves.

If a gardener wants beautiful flowers he must till his ground without shirking. He must be at pains to plant good seed. He must be willing to spend hours uprooting weeds, tending his young plants and warding off harmful things. He must, in fact, be prepared to do an almost unlimited amount of hard work

So it is with ourselves, with our brains, with our minds. If we want good habits we must cultivate them; and we must work without ceasing to eradicate bad ones. For bad habits grow in strength as they are allowed to persist; and what may be brushed away with a thought at the beginning may need a giant's strength to snap it in the end.

How many people ever take the trouble even to employ that thought? How many really believe that the human will IS a giant? The trouble with most people is that they don't use the strength they have.

Someone once advised us to hitch our wagon to a star. Better and easier, perhaps, to model ourselves deliberately on some one better and stronger than ourselves; for no one can measure the value of the inspiration of the man who has fought and won to someone who is fighting the same battle.

But do it how we will, we must DO it. We must work and work hard to eradicate the bad and cultivate the good. For efficient brains don't grow. They have to be grown.

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Geoffrey Chaucer, born 1340, poet, and author of the "Canterbury Tales," in which a party of pilgrims, amongst whom were a Knight, a prioress, and a miller, take turns in telling stories to amuse the company on their journey. The date of Chaucer's death is uncertain, but some authorities give it as Oct. 25th, 1400.

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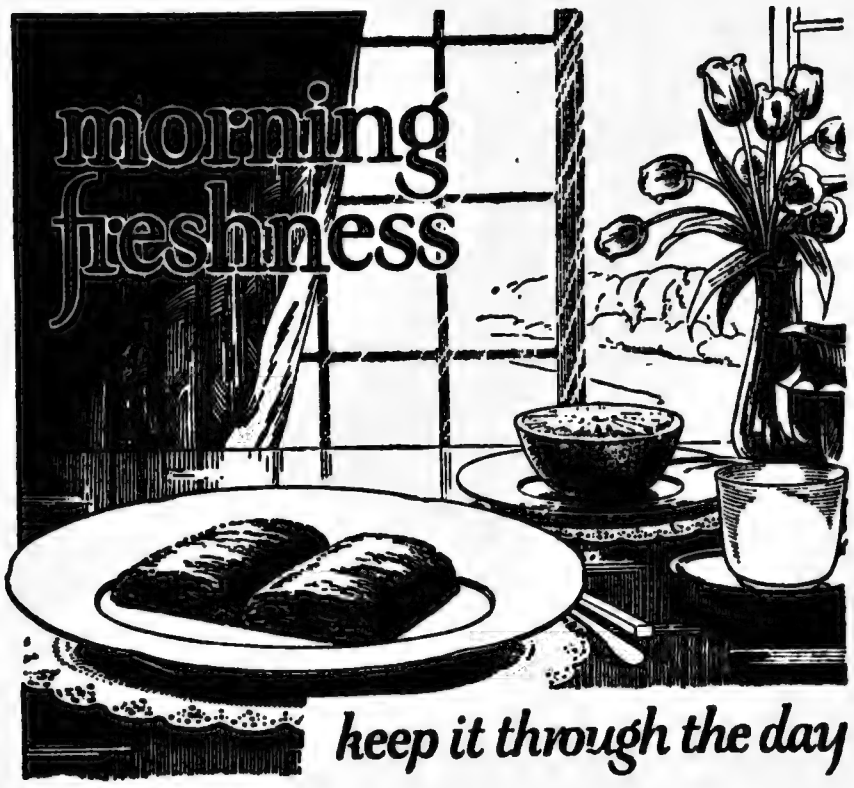

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WE CAN STOP *this* ROAD CARNAGE

How NOT *to get* KILLED

The menace in our midst looms large. Our contributor shows how the speed fiend at the steering wheel can be curbed

by

GEORGE EDINGER

What is the remedy for the appalling loss of life and limb on our roads? In order to find one Mr. Pybus, Minister of Transport, is himself studying conditions at first hand. The writer of this article, who has had fifteen years' experience as a motor driver all over Europe, goes still further afield and shows how other countries grapple with their "safety-first" problems.

THE other day all England learnt with shocked surprise from its Home Secretary that eighteen people are killed every day in motor accidents on the roads. There is no need to enlarge on that.

To point out that the yearly toll is the cost of a small war or that we lose every week as many lives as it cost us to conquer India at the battle of Plassey is only to stress the fact that a motor-car is a lethal instrument.

That is why many countries in modern Europe treat it as a weapon that can no more be entrusted to anybody indiscriminately than a loaded revolver.

No other Government goes so far as Spain, where, just before the revolution, they used to imprison every motorist who knocked over a pedestrian.

The terrible Turks!

Nor did the Turkish method of controlling speed become exactly popular.

All over Constantinople and other busy centres the police were provided with planks studded with sharp nails which could be dropped by swivels in the path of oncoming cars. The wretched driver who could not check his car before he tore up its tyres on the nails was immediately summoned for not having it under proper control.

And I have met places in the Balkans where the police had instructions to shoot at the tyres! This is overdoing it.

But after driving in almost every European country as far east as Bulgaria and up to Lapland, I confidently say that there is no place like home for reckless motorists.

If I were asked to sum up the British and foreign outlook I should say that "over there" a motorist is controlled and restricted when he is on the move, while over here he is worried only so long as he is standing still.

In most foreign countries a motor-car that is not moving is considered quite harmless, and a driver can usually leave it wherever he likes, for as long as he likes, without payment. But once he starts his car he is closely watched, and every conceivable regulation and device are used to put a brake on its speed.

The "Bedlam" safeguard

In France, every driver passes a test before he can get a permit to take out a car. In certain circumstances he is forbidden to overtake, and he must always sound his horn at every cross-road and turn, which makes pandemonium of a French city.

To make sure that cars should slow down when passing or meeting other cars, the edges of the road are kept in bad condition.

Speeding through villages is stopped by a device called a "cassis"—a dip in the highway at each end of the main street, sharp enough to damage any car unless not going slowly and carefully. The presence of a "cassis" is advertised some distance ahead and a driver gets ample warning.

But that fact works for safe driving, because once past the warning he never knows exactly where he will meet his "cassis."

In some places, usually in front of corners and level crossings, the "cassis" is replaced by the "donkey's back"—a steep artificial hump in the middle of the main road—and no car driver who does not show it proper respect is likely to forget the experience.

Variants of the "cassis" and the "donkey's back" occur in Germany and Italy. These countries insist, like France, on a driving test, and also impose speed limits in their towns. In Germany there is a further regulation compelling cars to carry a device to give warning of the direction they are going to take.

In Italy, where drivers are treated very severely and can be stopped and fined on the spot, there is the further protection in villages of a surface deliberately kept bad. It is quite surprising after running along a highway as smooth as a billiards table in the open country to be suddenly jolted on to a stretch of potholes and broken paving stones in a village.

Holland relies less on checking the motorist than on protecting other people who use the roads.

Every highway is skirted by a footpath and also by a special track for bicycles, so that each form of traffic runs in its own peculiar rut.

The Dutch insist on all cars being fitted with reflecting mirrors and movable arms at the side to indicate their proposed direction.

Spattering prohibited

Denmark forbids overtaking at any cross-road or turn, and Sweden goes so far as to impose on motorists the duty of reducing speed on bad roads "to the extent necessary to avoid bespattering a pedestrian with mud."

In Hungary, the centre of the road is made up for motor traffic, and at both sides there is a soft track for carts. Often it happens, as on the road from Szeged to Budapest, that the made-up surface is only just wide enough for passing, so that cars have to slow down when they meet.

Nearly all these countries demand a driving test, but none of them believe in the speed limit—except Denmark.

Norway and Switzerland, which have a speed limit, do so because of their peculiar problem, mountain roads, often very narrow and precipitous.

In Switzerland, the speed of cars is reckoned by a sort of sliding scale with time and place—varying from one canton to another, and even from one day of the week to the next, since the speed limit on Sundays and holidays is lower than it is on week-days.

But my own experience is that though a set of rules carefully enforced does lead to safety in towns, they become quite useless in wide stretches of open country. City speed limits should be fixed at a reasonable level; it is no use asking motorists to go ten miles an hour as an indication that they are not expected to go beyond thirty.

I am against speed limits in the country, where they are unenforceable. I would introduce, however, the Italian device of the badly-kept road through towns, though I feel my fellow-motorists will all oppose me.

Better spending

But I maintain that I should like to see some of the money now spent on keeping roads as smooth as race tracks expended on paths for bicyclists and pedestrians and soft ways for carts, which would run parallel to the main road and leave the centre clear for cars.

At turns the white line is effective, but we still need some device to slow down traffic at cross-roads. Here a roundabout with a plot of grass—and let us hope later on trees in the centre—is both useful and ornamental.

I do not approve of the driving test, because there is no reason why a man, because he drives carefully at his test, should do so after.

The French regulation about blowing horns at forks is overdone. It disturbs the peace of the roads and undermines the nerves of drivers.

From my own experience, I believe that by combining some safety devices of other countries with our own, we should at once and without any need for speed limit or driving test, halve the casualties on our roads and add to the beauty of the countryside with the minimum of cost to the country and inconvenience to the driver.

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tells of

Three Great Hours of my LIFE

At seventy years of age, the Rev. Dinsdale Thomas Young tunes in to the past . . .

HAS there been any great hour in my life which I would particularly like to live over again? Truly, I do not believe that there is.

There are few people, I am sure, who have had a happier life than I have had, but that I do not consider in itself sufficient reason for wishing to live it again or even part of it.

I am a convinced optimist, and firmly believe in the words of Browning that "the best is yet to be." To wish to live any hour again would be to look back, and I prefer to look forward with hope for the great moments ahead.

But if I do not desire to live them over again, there have certainly been outstanding hours of my life, never-to-be-forgotten moments which have left the strongest impress not lessened with the passing years.

Hours which probably men with a different disposition would choose as those they would live over again!

The first happened nearly fifty-six years ago, yet how well I remember it. How, when little more than a boy, I preached my first sermon in a tiny chapel in a village in the North Riding of Yorkshire.

The boy preacher

It does not sound very important, possibly, but I can look back on it now as one of my greatest hours, because it marked the beginning of a life work.

Naturally I felt a certain nervousness, as anyone would in a similar circumstance, but I was strong in my belief in the Great Book and in my conviction that I had a mission to perform in the world.

My congregation of simple men and women were earnest listeners who believed in the Word that their youthful preacher was expounding to them.

When I look back and think how much that first sermon meant—the hopes, the thought, the study—and then return to the contrast of to-day, when I sometimes preach ten times in the course of a week in all parts of the country, I feel I have been rewarded.

But I think I lived my greatest hour—the one that has counted most in all my career—one wonderful day in Northumberland, on the banks of the Tyne, some ten years later.

I was preaching in the district, and all my interest was centred in my work. Then the greatest treasure I have ever possessed came into my life, the finest blessing of all, my wife.

It may have been raining, it may have been fine that day. I don't know. All I do know is that for me it was a day of sunshine.

Almost at once I found that I had met a real helpmate, a sympathetic listener, and one who was capable in every sense of the word of understanding my ambitions and my mission. And it was not long before friendship ripened into a deeper and warmer affection.

If there is one hour that I would live over again then it would certainly be that hour nearly forty-six years ago when I first met my wife.

A perfect mate

But why should I wish to live it over again when we can still enjoy our wonderful hours of perfect companionship, which the passing years have only made more beautiful?

Here I think you will agree is an example and an inspiration for the young people of to-day.

I wonder, sometimes, if they are less prepared to give and take and struggle together than their parents used to be. There is a tendency for them to want to find things ready-made, and they cannot do that with happiness. Like everything else in life, it has to be earned.

There was another great moment for me, in 1914, when I was elected President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference.

I shall never forget that wonderful hour—the congratulations that were showered on me, not only by my fellow ministers, but by Bishops of the Church of England and others of every denomination.

Cheery outlook

I realised once again the kindness of heart and thoughtfulness that really is hidden in this world of ours. That is why, even in these days of international disputes and disagreements at home, I see reason for an optimistic view. Just as I do when I look back over history—a favourite hobby of mine. What does it show?

What does it teach? That there is always room for hope, and the happy realisation of that hope. Optimistically, I say that there will be much good will in the future despite the dark clouds around us now.

I am one of those cranks—at least, that is how many people might express it—who believe in the personal return of the Lord Jesus Christ, when there will be a millennial reign upon this earth, a time when our most cherished ideals will no longer be dreams—so well described in the words of Tennyson, "A Thousand Years of Peace."

And now my last great hour. That came on Friday, November 20, when I celebrated my seventieth birthday. I received piles of letters and telegrams from all kinds of people and from colleagues of all denominations. One that delighted me particularly was from General Higgins of the Salvation Army.

Yet that was an hour worth living. But so are many marvellous moments in life.

Practically every week splendid letters reach me from people who declare they have been helped by my words. Preaching provides many great moments and so, of course, does the Bible. It is not only the most marvellous but the most human of all books. It has a message for all sorts and conditions of people.

The Gospel means good news, and those who carry its teaching into the world must inspire hope into the hearts of the most desolate. In the darkest hour there is Light for those who truly seek it.

Lesson of Age

That is another reason why I cannot choose any one hour to live over again, for every hour in which I can strengthen anyone's belief in the great message of the Bible is an hour to be lived again and again.

Benjamin Jowett, of Balliol College, persistently declared that life for the average man was better after fifty. It is true that as one grows older one understands more fully the real meaning of life. Its tribulations and disappointments are but necessary lessons. We learn by experience that in the hour of despair some great blessing may be born.

If a man really believes in the immortality of the soul, he will believe as I do that in the grandest sense of the word the Greatest Hour is to come.

The world is not growing more evil—the best is yet to come. That is my optimistic answer to the question: What hour would I live over again?

Next week: Captain G. I. Finch, the Everest climber, will describe his "greatest hour"

now for a FRY'S 'Quarter'

Here are health and happiness in handy form! Neat pocketable packets of delicious velvet-smooth chocolate—a full quarter pound of it!—and it's full of sustaining nourishment! Every drop of the milk in Fry's Milk Chocolate is guaranteed purified.

FOUR KINDS OF DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE

FULL ¼ LB. NET WEIGHT

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PRICE **37/6** or 5/- with order and balance 5/- monthly (*No reduction for Cash*)

EVERY man and woman who studies the question of Easy Chair comfort is astonished at the quality and VALUE of the Berkeley Home Model. Trade experts themselves are amazed that an Easy Chair of such beauty, comfort and durability can be sold at such a wonderfully low price. It is only because it is

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Send coupon for Catalogue of all Models and FREE patterns from which to choose your covering.

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AN UNUSUAL HOLIDAY

There is only one place in the world where you can see five kingdoms (some say seven) at a glance. That is in the Isle of Man—to be precise, from the summit of Snaefell. That is only one of many unusual things about the world's smallest nation, otherwise known as the

ISLE OF MAN

Send to M. L. Clague, Publicity Dept., Isle of Man, for illustrated handbook containing large road map.

GO BY LMS *and Express Steamers of the Isle of Man Steam Packet Coy. Services from Liverpool, 10.30 a.m. and 3 p.m.; Fleetwood, 10.30 a.m. (after arrival of trains); Heysham,* 10 a.m. (after arrival of trains) each week-day. Particulars of Cheap Fares, etc., from any L M S Stn., Offices or Agency. (*from Saturday June 25th.)*

PRINCIPAL ATTRACTIONS DURING 1932 T.T. Races, June 6, 8 and 10. Bowling Tournament (100 gns. challenge cup), June 13—18. Ancient Tynwald Ceremony, July 5. Highland Gathering, July 18. Manx Grand Prix Races, September 6 & 8.

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QUICKLY GONE FOR GOOD!

Medicated DISK loosens corn. Rim of PAD removes cause—Shoe pressure. Inner part mildly medicated to end pain.

New! Medicated Disks, used with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, for positive removal of corns and callouses in 48 hours! *No extra cost!* Medicated Disks are now included in every packet of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns and Callouses. In one minute pain ends! In two days hard, dead skin is loosened and easy to remove. Safe, sure, antiseptic. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns-between-toes; from all Dr. Scholl's Depots, Chemists and Shoe Shops, per pkt. 1/3.

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Put one on—the pain is gone!

HEALTH & HAPPINESS ABOUND IN HOMES WHERE WATSON'S STOUT IS FOUND

A 6d. Box of

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makes 2 gallons. Very easy to make and so economical. From all Grocers, Chemists & Stores, or send 9d. for Sample Box.

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accepted from 1/- up to any amount, on any race. If your commission bears a time-stamp not later than the set time of the race, in accordance with rules, you will be on at full starting price, or at Totalisator Odds if required.

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Old Soldiers are NEVER BORN Now!

OLD soldiers never die, the saying goes. But "old soldiers are never born" will soon be more true.

Old soldiers in the true sense of the term are becoming very scarce. That is because nowadays they serve only for short periods—since the South African War from three to twelve years only—saving for a few instructors, who are fairly pensioned.

The veteran with thirty years' Army service or more to his credit, who is full of memories of "battles long ago," will soon be a thing of the past, like his own campaigns.

Already the Chelsea Royal Hospital for old soldiers is thirty under strength.

One by one these gallant "Boys of the Old Brigade" pass on, and more and more the gaps that are left in their ranks are not being filled.

The last Indian Mutiny veteran in the Royal Hospital, Sergeant-Major Brereton, of the Connaught Rangers, answered the roll-call for the last time a year ago.

* * *

He was ninety-one. His father and his uncles had served in the same regiment before him, and one of the latter fought in the Peninsular Wars of 1808-14.

One of the "recruits" at the Royal Hospital is Private Edwin Cook. Now aged seventy-four, he was with Lord Roberts on the renowned march from Kabul to Kandahar in '79 and '80.

He will tell you how as a Seaforth Highlander he fought under Sir Garnet Wolseley at Tel-el-Kebir in 1882, and in 1914 came up smiling to "do his bit." All through the Great War he served with the Royal Engineers.

Grey-bearded John Marsden is now ninety-three. He belonged to the 106th Foot, and, in the service of the East India Company, arrived in India in September, 1857. He may owe some of his heartiness to the nap he takes between two and four in the afternoons.

When he completed his twenty-one years' service in 1876, he got a job, married and settled down. But his wife died, leaving him childless. Now he has no known relative in the world and dreams of the family that might have been.

Private William Bell, of the Cameron Highlanders, has many stories to tell of the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882, and of the Relief of Ladysmith. He is not quite sure how old he is. Like so many of the soldiers enlisted during last century, his age is uncertain. Recruiting sergeants in those days were not so particular as they are now. It was quite common for them to sign on youths of sixteen, stating them to be twenty.

Another stalwart, Thomas Barlow, was with Gordon at Khartoum, where a Dervisher wounded him in the arm, and two other pensioners served together in the Royal West Kents and were with the expedition that took two years to go up the Nile in row-boats to the relief of the ill-fated general.

They knew Edgar Wallace—a soldier before he turned journalist and novelist—who joined their battalion as a raw recruit just as they completed their term of service in 1893.

George Lovatt, who was with the 15th King's Hussars, speaks with pride of the day at Aldershot in '83 when his regiment galloped past Queen Victoria. That is his red-letter day. It means more to him than any battle in which he fought.

One old warrior, a 7th Dragoon Guardsman, who ceased active soldiering in 1894, will tell you that he whiled away his time for several years writing the story of his life—and then destroyed the manuscript. Another boasts that he has watched the Chelsea football team play at each "at home" match for the last twenty years.

* * *

Just as in their days, as "soldiers of the Queen," these veterans carried on the cut and measured existence of the regular Thomas Atkins, so now, in the evening of their lives, they do the same.

Every morning they are up at "reveille," and breakfast at seven—when most of us are still in bed.

They must have their "grouse," too. In fact, should the sergeant-major fail to hear a grumble from "Old Tom" his name is almost certain to appear in the sick report.

And if he is found "absent without leave" or smoking in the barrack-room, he is sentenced to seven days "cocked hat" for his pains. Wearing the famous three-cornered headgear, he must answer his name at the guard-room three times each day.

In the mellow glow of cubicles constructed of royal oak in the reign of Charles the Second, these veterans will tell you that if old soldiers do die they certainly live longer than most of us.

The last of the Waterloo warriors lived until the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and there are Crimean War and Indian Mutiny veterans living to-day.

The "Old Bill" of all the world was Sergeant-Major John Stratford, who died a few weeks ago in Wolverhampton. He was aged 104, and was at the Battle of Chillianwallah in 1849.

There are many "Old Bill's" at the Royal Hospital who are convinced they will live as long as that. Old age to them is not a matter of dread, but of pride. . . .

Perhaps that's the secret of their longevity.

The mightiest 'old soldier" of them all—Old Bill of the Great War

Race with "Silver Ring"

MY DERBY CHOICE

THE Derby of 1932 will be Turf history before my next notes are published, but I do not intend to go over the old ground again. I am standing by

ORWELL,

and I share the general opinion that only a "Miracle" can beat the Manton colt.

The ladies' classic may be an outsider's once more. Members of the "fair sex" are particularly uncertain on the Turf!

Kandy, the French-bred filly, who outpointed her rivals in the One Thousand Guineas at Newmarket, is not engaged in the Oaks, but the form has been turned upside down by her display in the French classic at Longchamps. She ran unplaced.

* * *

The Coronation Cup, another Epsom tit-bit, promises to be a wonderful race. Salmon Leap has had a splendid preparation and may win from Cameronian and Sandwich.

The entries for Ascot are well up to standard. From a backer's point of view the Royal meeting has been so bad in recent years that the looker-on has been the wiser man.

However, a few readers have asked for long-shots for two of the big gambles—the Hunt Cup and the Wokingham Stakes.

* * *

I have been told that Heronslea, the finest sprinter in the North, will repeat last year's victory in the latter event, and I think Venturer is quite a likely one to lift the Hunt Cup.

Stay-at-home backers often feel that they are in the dark as to form and the general running of horses as compared with the regular habitués of the paddock. However, they can know as much as the other fellow concerning the ability and characteristics of racehorses.

Expert judges of bloodstock contribute informative paragraphs to the *Sporting Life* Weekly Edition. Pointers from the running, the significance of market operations, hints from training centres—every source likely to indicate winners is tapped for them.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, May 26, to Wednesday, June 1.

S P B V D C E X Z R F 98 97 Y H O

K Q 93 94 95 U I M 96 L T W N G J A

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

KQI97KIL would read SPENSER.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

93AK2E would read BOSSI.

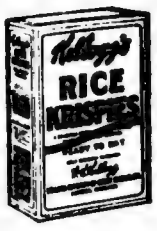
WHAT A MAN he's going to be

Watch him as he dips lustily into his Rice Krispies and milk and does *his* part towards building a rugged constitution.

Kellogg's Rice Krispies fascinate children and is one of the *best* cereals they can eat! Crisp, nourishing rice bubbles that actually crackle in cold milk or cream.

Serve for breakfast, lunch—the evening meal. No cooking required. Rice Krispies are so easy to digest, they invite restful sleep.

Always oven-fresh in the red-and-green packet. Sold by all grocers. *Quality guaranteed.*



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RICE KRISPIES

Made by KELLOGG *in* LONDON, CANADA
KELLOGG COMPANY of GREAT BRITAIN, Ltd.
Bush House, London, W.C.2

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MAKE ONE RAZOR BLADE LAST A WHOLE YEAR

You can do it with SHARPEX. You can ensure 365 perfect shaves from any double-edge razor blade if you strop it each morning on a SHARPEX.

Simple to use and cannot break. Get one TO-DAY and say good-bye to shaving troubles.

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Also from TIMOTHY WHITE'S, Chemists; TAYLORS, CHEMISTS; SELFRIDGES, London; HARRODS, London; BENTALL'S, Kingston; LEWIS'S of Manchester, Liverpool and Birmingham; POLYTECHNIC, Glasgow; and good-class Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.
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This **ATTRACTIVE COAT** in best quality **WOOL GEORGETTE** is cut on extremely smart lines. Lined Celanese Silk throughout. Colours: Lido, Black and Beige. Sizes: S.W. and W.

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Visit our magnificent showrooms, or if you are unable to call write for Ladies' Beautifully Illustrated Catalogue of Latest Fashions to Dept. A.12, Sent Gratis and Post Free. Gentlemen's Catalogue to Dept. G.A1.

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FOR A HOLIDAY THAT IS DIFFERENT

VISIT THE MYSTIC WESTLANDS OF SCOTLAND

A LAND OF RUGGED GRANDEUR AND BEAUTY WHICH DEFIES DESCRIPTION. COME THIS YEAR AND REVEL IN THIS HOLIDAYLAND. TRAVEL AND TARRY AT YOUR LEISURE THROUGH SCOTLAND'S WONDERLAND WITH AN LMS "CIRCULAR TOUR" TICKET

"Circular Tours" and Britain's "Wonderland" Folder, free at L.M.S. Stations. Illustrated Brochure and Tourist Programme from D. MacBrayne, Ltd. (Dept. 23), 44, Robertson St., Glasgow

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CHEAP FARES EXPRESS TRAINS

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It SOOTHES as it Heals!

ON with this cool, silky Germolene Ointment—and you're through with Skin Pain! With SORES and RASHES—even with terrifying ULCERS and BAD LEGS—the Germolene cure starts by soothing your suffering in the FIRST MINUTE! Then the unique ASEPTIC action hustles out the germs and poisons the quickest way known—it gently ejects them, without pain, without aggravating the raw, tender place. YOU NEED ENDURE SKIN TORMENT NO LONGER—if you use Germolene Ointment TO-DAY!

In ONE MINUTE—Germolene brings Relief!

How wonderful to *feel* PAIN that you thought would *never* leave you fade away and *vanish*, with the first application of Germolene Ointment! It takes ONE MINUTE for the unique ASEPTIC principle to get to work!

Yes, ONE MINUTE is all you have to wait—and FIFTEEN PENNIES all you have to spend—to experience blessed relief from any Skin Trouble; and to start forming clear, healthy, *unscarred* skin again, the *quickest* way known. And remember that you are buying the ointment that will—

1. **Soothe at a touch; start rapid healing IMMEDIATELY.**
2. **Gently EJECT germs and Poisons: never burn them out.**
3. **Heal the worst wound in record time without scars!**

For: ULCERS, BAD LEGS, SORES, ECZEMA, PILES, RASH, CUTS, BURNS, etc.
1/3 and 3/- Per Tin.

AMAZING TRIBUTES TO Germolene
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SEPTIC HAND

"My husband had an awful septic hand, which, in spite of regular treatment, got worse and spread up his arm. We decided to give Germolene Ointment a trial. There was a WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT RIGHT AWAY—and though the back of his hand was one big sore, it is now clean and clear, with no sign of a scar."—Mrs. Geo. Kendall, 69, Clarence Road, Grays.

BAD RASH

"I had given up in despair trying to cure spots and blemishes all over my hands and face. Then I tried Germolene Ointment, and they all vanished, and no fresh ones appeared."—Miss G. Crowsley, Wootton Green, Wootton, Beds.

"Soothes At a Touch."

Germolene
Brand
ASEPTIC OINTMENT

A GOOD WORKMAN NEEDS GOOD TOOLS AND The NEW LYBRO 'EASY-FIT' OVERALLS

66

If your work needs Overalls—you need the New Lybro "Easy-fit." They are made of special dungaree and have more and better pockets. The cut is roomier so that you have greater freedom and the maximum of protection. Prices are for garments up to size 44 waist and chest. O.S. extra.

Ask your Outfitter for Lybro "Easy-fit" Overalls — in Blue, Tan and Brown. See the RED BUTTON.

If unable to obtain write to Workwear Ltd., Mount Vernon, Liverpool, asking for name of nearest supplier.

Bib and Brace Overalls 6/6; Ditto—Double Knees 7/6; Jackets or Trousers 5/11; Boiler Suits 9/11; Ditto—with Zip 11/6

LYBRO EASY FIT OVERALLS CVS 50

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UNIVERSAL REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

Indigestion is usually caused by an excess of acid in the gastric juices, and it is therefore necessary to neutralise this acidity before relief can be obtained. This is exactly what 'Bisurated' Magnesia does; quickly, easily and surely. This world-famed remedy soothes, heals and strengthens the inflamed stomach-lining, and makes the worst sufferer well in a matter of minutes. Half a teaspoonful of 'Bisurated' Magnesia in a little water, or two tablets taken after meals, means certain security from digestive troubles, no matter how long or severely you have suffered. Get a 1s. 3d. package from your chemist and realise why so many doctors recommend 'Bisurated' Magnesia and why thousand of people say that they wouldn't be without it for anything.

MAKE YOUR FEET YOUNG

BANISH THE AGONIES OF TENDER, WEARY FOOT TROUBLES WITH

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Rubbed in it acts like a charm. Famous for over 30 years. Try it now.

6d. *per tin.*

From chemists, Boots & Taylors' branches. POST CARD FOR FREE SAMPLE.

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The DR. SINGHA NEW INDIAN

ASTHMA CURE

is accurately named because it does what it is claimed to do. Unimpeachable proof exists in a book of RECENT ENGLISH TESTIMONIALS—scores from chronic sufferers previously given up as incurable. If others can receive relief and command cure, why not you? SEND 3d. in stamps for (1) FREE SAMPLE TREATMENT, (2) Book of Testimonials, and (3) A presentation copy of this Asthma Specialist's Book of Advice. Delay is dangerous! Write to-day to The Dr. Singha Asthma Cure Co., Pharmaceutical Importers (Room 44), Caernarvon.

If it had been MY CHILD . . .

FIRST of all, I would let them gaze into the horrified, tear-dimmed, tired eyes of the child's mother. Any sane person would, by so doing, realise what a heartrending sorrow their terrible action had caused the mother of their victim.

The hardest-hearted criminal would surely feel conscience-smitten to see the havoc they had wrought upon what was a happy home.

There is only one punishment for murderers—it ought to be a slower death in this case. However, we are human, so place them in the electric chair.—*F. Gibbons, Peterborough.*

No Gloves

Fiends though they are, to see them tortured without a chance to retaliate would not be British or human.

But I would delight in getting into the ring with them one at a time and smash them as near to pulp as I could.—*Guardsman, London.*

Thousand Deaths

Hand them over, bound hand and foot, to Colonel Lindbergh, with the suggestion that he take them up in an aeroplane.

After reaching a suitable height, let him go through all the hair-raising stunts he knows, making each one more terrifying than the last.

Finally, after setting the 'plane on a straight course, he himself would jump clear with a parachute, leaving the guideless machine to procced on its self-destructive way.

The cowardly murderers would die a thousand deaths before the crash eventually came.—*D. Graham, Essex.*

Ridiculed

I would resort to the old-fashioned stocks, fixed in some public place, where, with shackled hands and feet, these brutes would sit from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. each day, ridiculed and jeered at by everybody.

Then they should receive a public flogging.—*A. J. S., Stockton.*

Hide to Hide

On a hook in my lobby hangs a cruel-looking whip which I brought home some years ago from South Africa.

It is made of rhinocerous hide, and only those who like myself have seen it used can tell its terrible, deadly effect.

I have seen a strong man brought to his knees in agony by strokes which tore skin and flesh from his body.

But before I felt that these inhuman monsters had had sufficient punishment, I would flay them with that whip until the thongs wore through.—*J. M., Norfolk.*

Vague Fears

Sentence them to death, but an hour before execution postpone the ceremony for three days. Continue this treatment for nearly three months.

In the meantime let them talk to nobody or each other, see nothing, read nothing, do nothing, but worry, brood and imagine.

Perhaps the uncertainty, the worry, all the vague fears of the unknown will make them realise the agony of mind they caused Mrs. Lindbergh.—*R. S., Tottenham.*

Somebody's baby. What if the little one that is in your keeping had been so brutally murdered?

. . . how I'd punish the Lindbergh baby murderers

by JOHN BULL Parents

Record of Madness

I would have a gramophone record made of a baby's constant wail, first for its mother, then in sickness, and then gasping out its little feeble life.

I would have the culprits kept awake, and have this record constantly dinning in their ears, until they were on the verge of madness. Then, after a respite, I'd start again.—*M. G., Huddersfield.*

Conflict

My first idea is a horrible punishment for such a horrible crime—death by slow torture or something worse. But no! I claim to be a Christian.

What am I to do? It is a conflict between the divine and the animal in me. The divine instinct wins.

The persons should be sent to some home, for I know that such murderers cannot be fully possessed of their senses.—*P. S. O., Southport.*

Only Medium

The only fit punishment is to inflict such mental agony as the mother had to endure, and that is indescribable.

Such heartless rogues would simply laugh at physical suffering. The old proverb, "An eye for an eye," seems but petty when classed with the punishment they deserve.

The electric chair, with its waiting period, is the only medium to punish the crime, and it is to be hoped that the criminals will eventually be brought to it.—*F. E. C., Kent.*

On the March

Make them rise at three o'clock every morning, march over rough places till six, crack stones, with no straight backs till four o'clock, then march again without a stop till ten o'clock.

Only three meals a day, ten minutes for each, consisting of bread and water. Beds of wood, and one covering all the year round. No fires at all.

This as long as life should last.—*Mrs. M., Trowbridge.*

* * *

Send them to Devil's Island for the rest of their lives.—*M. R., London.*

I would let the beasts live like beasts until death came to them slowly and when they had suffered it already a thousand times.—*J. E. C., Esher.*

Compel the criminals to go without sleep and practically without food until they have felt to the utmost the nerve-shattering strain the Lindberghs have suffered. Then the law's usual procedure for murder.—*W. E. D., Appleby.*

Give them a public execution, so that the population of the United States may have it driven into their heads that with moral support and public co-operation the forces of law and order will always triumph.—*A. B. R., Kirkcaldy.*

Our readers' horror at this revolting crime is only mildly reflected in the above letters. Many, in suggesting a punishment to fit the enormity of the outrage, expressed themselves in terms too strong to print.

Punishment, even in a case like this, must be in accordance with the standard of civilisation claimed by the community, or it merely marks a lapse into barbarism.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, May 31.

The Lie I Never Forgave

SIDE-*Slips*

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips."

PERTHSHIRE ADVERTISER:—"He was INFESTED with the chain of office."

LICHFIELD MERCURY:—"Of the singers, Miss —— has a voice of no mean quality and Mr. —— (ASS) also gave some excellent renderings after his first song."

SHEFFIELD DAILY INDEPENDENT:—"Bewitching coats and costumes rivalling in their hues JACOB'S coat of many colours."

STOURBRIDGE COUNTY EXPRESS:—"Regular cruises to the Mediterranean FJORDS."

PRESS AND JOURNAL:—"Mr. —— said there was no intention under the Act to slaughter the cattle and pass over the AUCTIONEERS."

BERWICK JOURNAL:—"An OPEN-AIR Gospel meeting was held in Kiln Hill HALL."

CORK EVENING ECHO:—"Capone starts on his journey TO PLENIPOTENTIARY."

BOROUGH NEWS:—"Restaurant with seating capacity of over 500—shortly to be ENLARGED TO HALF ITS PRESENT SIZE."

DORSET DAILY ECHO:—"In answer to Superintendent —— witness said although he had only ONE eye the SIGHT OF THE OTHER was excellent."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"Bristol SANITY Committee approved applications . . . for May Day demonstrations."

CLUB LIFE:—"New-laid EYES from 9d. to 1s. per doz."

BRIGHTON EVENING ARGUS:—"To MAR the opening of their fine new ground."

NOTTINGHAM JOURNAL:—"There were three little page boys in gold satin breeches and gold chiffon SKIRTS."

ULSTER AND SCOTTISH RADIO DEALER:—"—— NEVER FAILS TO DISAPPOINT, and his playing of these two pieces is as PERFECT AS USUAL."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"That the power of PREVENTING facts with different shades of emphasis seemed to him to illustrate the real meaning of 'the power of the Press.'"

Men...DON'T PAY FANCY PRICES!

FIELD'S 3D LAVENDER BRILLIANTINE (SOLIDIFIED)
FIELD'S 6D LAVENDER SHAVING STICK
FIELD'S 6D LAVENDER DENTAL CREAM
FIELD'S 6D LAVENDER SHAVING CREAM

WISE SAVING IS WISE SPENDING

In size and quality these Preparations are in every way equal to articles which you have been accustomed to purchasing at 1/- and 1/6. Our 300 year reputation guarantees that Field's Lavender Preparations are pure in quality and prepared under hygienic conditions.

On sale at Chemists, Stores and Woolworth's.

FOR BIG VALUES — FIELD'S LAVENDER

J. C. & J. FIELD, LTD., LONDON, S.E.1. Est. 1642, in the Reign of Charles I.

£10.10.0 FOR £5.16.3

MOST WONDERFUL 3-SPEED OFFER EVER MADE

The Graves 'Speed King' 3-Speed Cycle beats the World for Quality & Value, & stands comparison with any 10-Guinea Machine.

7/9 NOW

All the practical and technical experience of 40 years high-class cycle-engineering is concentrated in this superb machine.

DUNLOP MAGNUM Roadster Tyres. Wired Edges.
STURMEY-ARCHER World's Best 3-Speed Gear.
HANS RENOLD World's First Quality Chain.
GRAVES PATTERN Chromium Plated Chain Wheel.
DUNLOP MAGNUM Conical Spring Waterproof Saddle
CHROMIUM PLATED Handlebars, Rims, Cranks, etc.

Any Machine can be supplied with Dropped Handlebars, if desired.

Pump, Tool Bag, Spanners, Oilcan, Brilliant Rear Light Reflector. Frame rustproofed, enamelled Black, Coach lined. (All Black if desired). Lady's or Gent's same price. Carriage Paid. Price £5.16.3

TERMS: Send 7/9 with Order, and the balance in 14 Monthly Payments of 7/9 if entirely satisfied. Full approval for Free Riding Test.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE POST FREE

including other remarkable Cycle Bargains, as Graves Single-Speed Cycle with Dunlop Roadster Tyres, Renold Chain, Dunlop Waterproof Saddle, complete and Carriage Paid, Ladies' or Gent's £4:10:0. Terms: 6/- monthly; also Graves 'Speed King' Club Model, weight about 20lbs; fitted with Dunlop Sports Tyres, Renold Chain, Middlemore's Racing Pattern Saddle. Complete and Carriage Paid, Ladies' or Gent's £4:17:6. Terms: 6/6 monthly; Graves All-Weather 3-Speed Cycle £5:7:6. Terms: 6/6 monthly. Carriage Paid to destination

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

LYTHAM ST. ANNES

THE IDEAL HOLIDAY RESORT — A DELIGHTFUL RESIDENTIAL TOWN

Official Guide post free on application to Town Hall, (Dept. T), Lytham St. Annes.

CHEAP FARES & EXPRESS TRAINS BY LMS — Full particulars from your nearest LMS station.

MONEY TO BURN!

Unless you can afford to set fire to money, roll your own cigarettes with ZIG-ZAG. It gives you a pure, *fresh* cigarette-and much less of your money goes up in smoke.

ZIG-ZAG CIGARETTE PAPERS

HAIR-GROWING DISCOVERY

I was bald. My hair grew anew, as shown in the portrait. Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using KOTALKO

Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

A testing box of KOTALKO may be obtained by sending threepence in stamps to

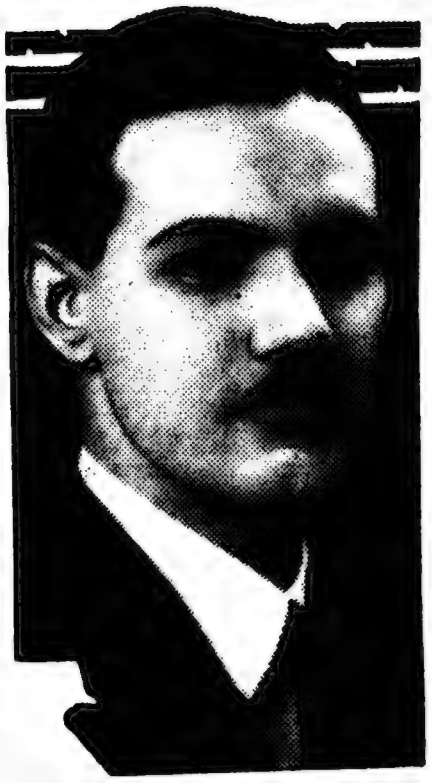
JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy Street, S3.VB., London, W.1.

MY CONDITION SEEMED HOPELESS

9 MONTHS IN HOSPITAL WITH NEURASTHENIA

Health Ruined by Foreign Service

HEALTH REGAINED BY Dr. Cassell Tablets



One of the most amazing health experiences I have ever heard was related to me to-day by Mr. V. Newman, an ex-officer in the Royal Marines.

"Eight years ago," he said, "I went to Irak. In a temperature of 140 in the shade my health broke down. For 9 months I was in hospital with neurasthenia—particularly the most horrible form of sleeplessness. I lost 5 stone in weight."

"Three years ago I returned to England in a most miserable condition. On arrival I was offered a responsible position. I had to refuse it on account of my health."

"That must have been the crowning blow," I said.

"It was," he remarked, "and in my weak state I was a prey to the most awful depression. My condition seemed hopeless until I heard of Dr. Cassell Tablets. The effect of this Amazing Tonic was more than marvellous. Within 7 weeks I had regained my lost weight. My nerves were stronger than they had been before my illness—sleeplessness became a thing of the past. Owing solely to the remarkable Health Restoring Power of Dr. Cassell Tablets I was enabled to accept the responsible position offered me before. And I have successfully held this position ever since."

"In 3 years I have never had the slightest return of the trouble. Indeed, I have never felt better in my life."

"I owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Cassell Tablets which can never be repaid."

Cannot Fail

Day by day similar Remarkable Tributes are being received, for Dr. Cassell Brand Tablets contain no less than 19 Special Health Ingredients and therefore cannot fail to benefit. They supply Hypophosphites for the Nerves, Special nutrients for the Blood, Valuable Stomachics for the Digestion, etc.

IF YOU SUFFER *From*
Lack of Energy
Poor Appetite
Sleeplessness
Breakdown
Indigestion
Headaches
Anæmia
Nerves
Pains

Take

Dr. CASSELL TABLETS

Brand

All Chemists 1/3 & 3/-

Secure from your Chemist a 1/3 Bottle at once. If you are not entirely satisfied with your improved health this amount will be instantly refunded by the Veno Drug Co. (1925) Ltd., Manchester, on receipt of empty carton.

Pain like my HEAD OPENING & CLOSING

Gone in few minutes

"I feel I must tell you the wonderful relief I get from DAISY Powders," writes Mrs. Heath, of Oldfield Rd., Salford, "because if they cure my headaches they will cure anybody's. The terrible thumping pain I get is just like my head opening and closing, and I believe it would drive me mad if I were not able to send it away in a few minutes with a DAISY . . . nothing else seems to take them away." DAISY does not affect the heart or digestion. It does not depress, and contains NO opium or other injurious drugs. "I am specially pleased to note," writes a doctor, "that you have replaced the depressing ingredient acetanilid by an infinitely safer and surer principle, free from any possibility of causing injury to the system. I lay great stress both on its efficiency and safety."

Daisy Powders 2D. each Packet of 4 - 7½d.

Daisy brand Tablets 6D. Tubes & 1/3 bottles (36 Tablets)

Take DAISY for Headache, Neuralgia, Tic, Women's Pains, Rheumatism, Colds and Chills

"DAISY"

The Sure, Safe and Sound Remedy

Daisy Ltd., Horsforth, Leeds.

Constant Powdering Bad For Skin

Says Specialist

Many women feel that they must be constantly dabbing on powder in order to prevent shiny noses or glistening faces. They never stop to realize what effect this may have upon their skin.

A new and clever idea now enables any woman to powder once in the morning and have it last all day. A teaspoonful of mousse of cream added to a favourite face powder makes it so clinging and adherent that it stays on in spite of sun, wind or rain and even in the hottest ballroom.

In Poudre Tokalon, the mousse of cream is scientifically blended with the finest air-floated powder. Thus, Poudre Tokalon is the only genuine mousse of cream face powder. It acts as a splendid skin tonic, stimulating the tissues and never clogging the pores—such as constant powdering may do. Apply Poudre Tokalon to-morrow morning to your face and watch results.

FREE. By special arrangement with the manufacturers, any woman reader of this paper may now obtain a de luxe beauty outfit containing popular shades of Tokalon "Mousse of Cream" Powder so that she may test them on her own face. The outfit also contains Crème Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use. Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and package etc., to Tokalon Ltd. (Dept 222.), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

FOUR-FIGURE FORTUNE FOR "JOHN BULL'S" X-WORD

MORE THAN £23,000

has been won in the first five months of this year by competitors in "John Bull's" Crosswords. This week there is another fortune of £1,000 which must be won—several competitors have recently captured our huge prize outright and you can join them. Get to work on the bright clues below and you may soon be bathing in the sunshine of success.

£1,000

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED · MUST BE WON · FAIR FOR ALL!

£50 FOR RUNNERS-UP

"JOHN BULL" will pay £1,000 cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 9th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 16th.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. / ; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, June 2nd.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than two Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 16th, 1932. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, June 28th, 1932, in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £50 to be divided between the runners up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

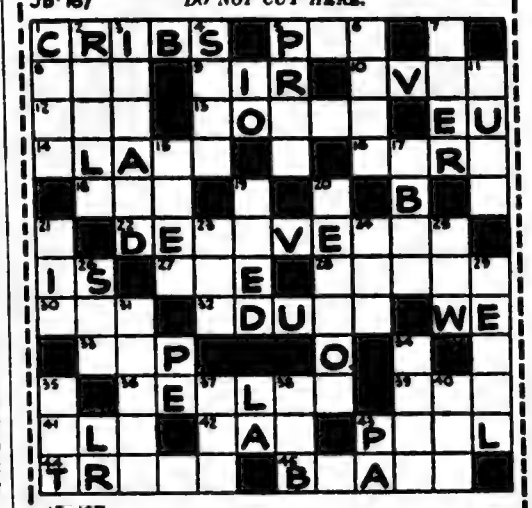
ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE / With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING } See Rule 1.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Words Nos. 164 and 165

Winners in X-Word No. 164 appear on Page 36. Winners in X-word No. 165 will be published next week. The solution of No. 165 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 167

JB·167 DO NOT CUT HERE.



JB·167

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Don't omit your Name and Address.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Burglars crack these.
5. Often describes pony.
8. Went swiftly.
9. Atmosphere.
10. Always.
12. Be ill.
13. Some are quite soft.
14. This is ground.
16. Another name for sailors.
18. A knight's title.
22. Letters are, by postman.
27. Tiny.
28. A little while afterwards.
30. Neither.
32. Grown person.
33. Pinch.
36. Prince is jolly good one.
39. First number.
41. Everything.
42. You hear with this.
43. A small sheet of water.
44. Go in any direction.
45. Is reduced by shaving.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Is found on a rocky shore.
2. Train runs on these.
3. Often describes expensive furniture.
4. Good one baffles burglar.
5. It cuts through the water.
6. Trial.
7. Indulged in by pub politicians.
11. Often gained a Flanders trench.
15. Sketched.
17. Assist in committing crime.
19. What knights did sometimes, in tournaments.
20. Sign of maturity.
21. Pinch often results from.
23. A meadow.
24. Destructive animal.
25. Moisture seen on grass.
26. Male offspring.
29. Sometimes finishes in cells.
31. Infantryman is armed with this.
34. Describes unproductive land.
35. Causes discomfort in heat wave.
37. Headed.
38. Sphere.
40. Good as wink to blind horse.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.—A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

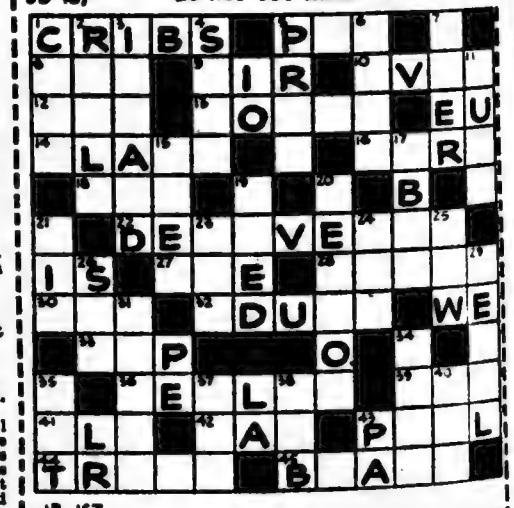
THIS CONTEST CLOSES Noon, Thursday, June 2

MOILNER

Looks odd doesn't it—until you strike out the unwanted letters. The clue is "underground worker." Now you've got it—it's a "Pass-word." Solve seven more in the "Passing Show" now on sale and win £150.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 167

JB·167 DO NOT CUT HERE.



JB·167

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No..... P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Don't omit your Name and Address.

If entering two double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

ADDRESS ENTRY "John Bull" Crosswords No. 167, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

STAGGERING BIRTHDAY PRIZE NEXT WEEK ONLY

The EDITOR Laughs ... LAST

One man and his dog . . .

. . . one man . . .

F. M. (Bodmin).—"Believe me, I know a thing or two." And that's your limit?

K. N. (Taunton).—"I have invented a new patent lighter." The latest thing out?

GEORGE (Clacton).—"I expect Doris will be very surprised when I propose to her to-night." See letter below.

DORIS (Clacton).—"I shall be very surprised if George does not propose to me to-night." See letter above.

R. M. (Bath).—"I have to avoid sudden shocks." Do you keep all your mirrors covered up?

MISS D. (Walton).—"My fiancé has neglected me ever since he bought a yacht." Now he hugs the shore instead?

K. M. (Baldock).—"We arrived at the picnic without a corkscrew." So you had to keep your enthusiasm bottled up?

V. M. (Bude).—"I think she wanted to make me look silly." But found she had been forestalled?

DAISY (Colchester).—"I told him to get out of my sight." And did he switch off the light?

E. M. (London, W.).—"We seem to get nothing but rain, rain, rain." You forget the sleet.

G. M. (Goole).—"I carried all before me at our smoking concert." Were there no other waiters?

W. S. (Camden Town).—"What will we do when the roads become impassable by pedestrians?" Offer it as a new reason for being late at the office.

DISGUSTED (Elstree).—"What position do parents hold in the home nowadays?" Well, fathers are usually treated as one of the family on pay days.

THIRSTY (Grayham). — "Don't you think the retention of the beer tax is a shame?" Many have found it a bitter disappointment.

S. M. (Repton).—"When a woman cries it shows she has something on her mind." Such as a hat that is shabby and old-fashioned?

F. M. (York).—"I received a shock while using the 'phone during a thunderstorm." Were you given the right number?

Henry (Smethwick).—"*Nobody realises as much as I how hard the world is.*" *Been doing a spot of gardening?*

T. M. (Hull).—"I got my looks from my father." And, no doubt, he was glad to get rid of them.

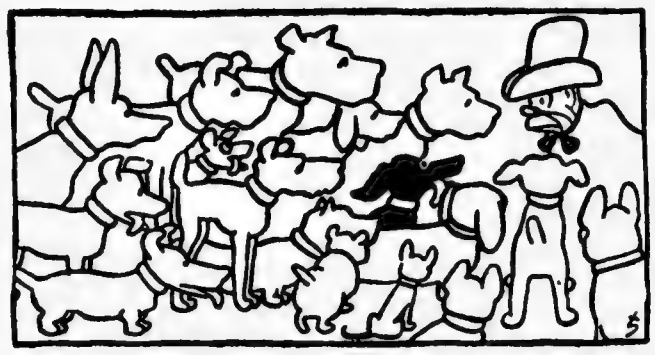
MAISIE (Tonbridge).—"Every woman has a right to hold on to her youth." But she should not do it when he is driving.

J. M. (Leeds).—"I will continue this letter to-morrow." Many thanks for the day's respite.

B. B. (Darlington). — "I'm a man of definite opinion." You always speak your wife's mind?

L. R. (Cardiff).—"I have nothing but praise for my tailor." Then he must give you credit, as well!

R. N. (York).—"I will not write again unless I have something important to say." All right, R. N.—Good-bye!



. . . One man and ——!

F. B. (Dover).—"Did you think my article was very dry?" Well, it caught alight very easily.

R. W. (Harrow).—"An automatic cheque-signing machine has been invented." Its name is father.

G. B. C. (Keswick).—"I see that the police arrested a man immediately after he had sung at a concert." Late again!

G. F. (Hastings).—"A man gives up a lot when he marries." You mean the lot.

FEMINIST (Widnes).—"Do you ever hear of a girl clerk bolting with her employer's cash?" Seldom—more often it's with her employer.

OCTOGENARIAN (Dublin).—"I am so deaf now I can't hear the wireless programmes." Old age certainly has its compensations.

VEGETARIAN (Wick).—"Because I never eat meat, I never experience that languid feeling after meals." You're full of beans, as it were.

P. N. (Norwich).—"I can always tell how a talkie is going to end." The man sitting next to us often seems to be able to do that as well.

J. E. (Esher).—"Although I am out of work, I can always laugh loud and heartily." Perhaps the B.B.C. will give you a job as a permanent member of the studio audience.

G. O. (Carlisle).—"According to a daily paper, a woman left her husband because he read novels instead of talking to her." Publishers will soon be reporting greatly increased sales of novels.

T. W. (Bath).—"Women's clothes have fewer buttons on them than they used to have." And it is also true that women's buttons have fewer clothes on them than they used to have.

T. A. (Wimbledon).—"My home is now completely electrical—cooker, iron, geyser, lights, everything." You'll get a shock when your quarterly bill comes in.

H. P. (Birmingham).—"Women now have special manicures for different occasions." For a visit to bargain sales, the preparation consists solely of sharpening.

G. D. (Clapham).—"Most people believe in law and order." Providing, of course, they are permitted to lay down the law and give the order.

F. E. (Hambledon).—"It has been decided that a sandwich does not constitute a meal." And very often it does not even constitute a sandwich.

TAILOR (Bond Street).—"The most essential item in the equipment of a well-dressed man is a trouser press." But surely not so essential as a pair of trousers?

F. S. (Southampton).—"An investigation has shown that some four million young Englishmen are too poor to get married." Further investigation would probably reveal the still more tragic fact that most of them are married.

F. M. (Liverpool).—"Between you and me, you will be pleased to hear . . ." That there are two hundred miles.

F. L. (Barnet).—"Singing increases the blood pressure." But you don't say whose.

D. R. B. (Manchester).—"Why you keep on rejecting my articles I can't think." That's why.

T. S. (Edinburgh).—"As I write these words, I feel like bursting into tears." As we read them, ditto.

T. J. (St. Albans).—"I've been acting the fool." Are you sure you've been acting?

S. M. (Doncaster).—"Many hikers suffer from bad feet owing to unsuitable footwear." Ignorance means blisters.

S. V. (Morden).—"I know of a case where a sudden shock cured baldness." A hair-raising story.

TENOR (Bath).—"I am going to sing in John o' Groats." And a very good idea, too.

MRS. T. (Chelsea).—"My husband is always taking matches from the kitchen." We know the kind of lighter he must have.

M. D. (Hounslow).—"The majority of people fail to realise that the sun is nature's doctor." It never dawns on them.

F. M. (Stevenage).—"It took me three years to cure myself of wandering aimlessly from the point." We are in receipt of your relapse.

P. L. (Norwich).—"A film company is going to make a sound picture of a baby's teething period." It ought to be a perfect scream.

S. T. (Kensington).—"I was so surprised to receive a proposal of marriage when dancing that I accepted." You were caught on the hop.

G. S. (Brighton).—"Why don't you split up your big *Bullets* prizes?" You can do a little splitting yourself this week. Enter a coupon from page 35 and vote for four £250 prizes instead of one £1,000 First.

TOM (Coventry).—"My wife recently spoke without notes for over two hours." Next year, perhaps, you will remember her birthday.

V. K. (Paignton).—"I expect that the new summer frocks will make my wife's mouth water." And, very likely, her eyes as well if you don't let her buy any of them.

HATTIE (Seven Kings).—"I am going to marry a very rich old man, and although I am thirty-nine, I have told him I am twenty-four." You're making a very liberal discount for cash.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter, you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. JOHN BULL does the rest. Write to-day!

The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are purely for your entertainment.

DRINK HOT WATER EVERY DAY

Two well-known Specialists, in recent articles both emphasised the vital importance of water for assisting the body to prevent and resist disease. To keep in good health every man and woman should drink a glass of hot water each morning on rising, but those troubled with sick headache, biliousness, bad complexion, furred tongue or general depression should add a teaspoonful of 'Limestone' Phosphate to cleanse and purify the system and flush away from the liver and bowels the uric acid, sour fermentation and poisonous waste that collects. Sufferers from constipation, biliousness and liver disorders, as well as those troubled with rheumatism, indigestion, and minor ailments of all kinds should get a quarter pound of 'Limestone' Phosphate, costing but two shillings, from any chemist. If a little is taken daily in a glass of hot water this will prove a sure way of subduing uric acid, cleansing the liver and bowels and thus maintaining vigorous health.

NEW TREATMENT KILLS STOMACH PAINS

AT last the whole medical profession is agreed on one subject. All over the country, in the clinics and all the leading hospitals, they are using what is known as the Maclean formula. It is curing all sorts of stomach troubles, even serious cases such as Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers, and now you can get the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder at any chemist ready packed for your own use. Now if you suffer from acid stomach, wind, flatulence or pains after eating, you can get just the same relief as if you went to a great hospital.

Do not lose any time, try it to-day.

But be sure you get the genuine article under the exact name, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: To get the genuine Maclean Brand Powder see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN," it is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2/- and 1/3 cartons. The former containing double the quantity at 6d. less than double the price. Also packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD KNOW

that when baby cries his pains are nearly always caused through INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, COLIC, or TEETHING, and that in such cases the infallible, safe family remedy which has been recommended by mothers, doctors and nurses for over 80 years is

"GRIPE WATER"

Carminative (Brand)

MADE BY

WOODWARD

CHEMIST—LONDON.

A teaspoonful two or three times a day

KEEPS BABY WELL

It breaks up the wind, promotes digestion, and enables baby to obtain healthy and restful sleep.

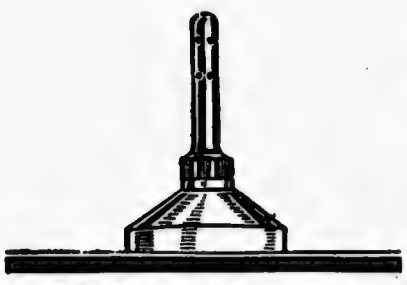
FREE SAMPLE COUPON.

To W. WOODWARD, Ltd.,
51, Clapham Road, London, S.W.9.
Please send me a FREE SAMPLE.
(Use block letters and mark envelope "SAMPLE.")

Name .....

Address .....

J.B.12. .....



PILES!

Piles, neglected, may cause blood poisoning, days and nights of agony—perhaps an operation will become necessary. Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy gives immediate relief from pain and irritation. This antiseptic, soothing preparation gets right to the seat of the trouble. Obtainable from all chemists, Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy costs but 3/- per tube, including special nozzle applicator. Be sure you ask for—

Man Zan

DOUBLE YOUR INCOME!

£ WONDERFUL OPENING FOR MEN IN REGULAR EMPLOYMENT £

WHY YOU SHOULD DO THIS.—Turn your spare time into cash. Make your homes happy. Secure your future. Double your weekly wages. Give your children a good start.

HOW YOU SHOULD DO THIS.—Serve your friends with our dependable Clothing, Drapery, Footwear, Cycles, Jewellery, etc. Customers don't have to wait their turn in Club, but goods sent to anyone as soon as you send orders. Your commission paid at once as soon as you start. No waiting until customers have settled account. £250,000 stock for you to select from. The whole thing is easy! Write for full particulars, and we will tell you how to start.

£ JOHN BLANFORD, LIMITED, £

("ALL PROFIT" Spare Time Agencies)
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AT A BARGAIN PRICE. There is no sense in paying good money for rubbish when you can have the finest quality at no greater expense. Quality goods are a real joy, and give pleasure all the time.

GRAVES 'PROGRESS' BARGAIN SALE is the WORLD'S FINEST HOUSEHOLD VALUE

Two super quality White All Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped ends. Size 68 x 88 ins. Weight 7½lbs pair.

Two White Fleecy Blankets, whipped ends, 60 x 80ins. 4lbs pair.
Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets 70 x 90ins. 4lbs pair.
One coloured Fadeless Alhambra Hemmed Quilt Size 72 x 94ins.
One Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54 x 54ins.
Two White Pillow Cases, Size 20 x 30ins.
One pure White Bolster Case to match 20 x 60ins.

IMPORTANT.—As extra advantage we include a 18-Piece Cutlery Service:—4 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 4 Dessert Forks, 4 Dessert Spoons, and 4 Tea Spoons. Will wear like silver, white all through. The Complete Sale (including the 18 Piece Cutlery Service), Ready for Immediate Delivery, Carriage Paid. Price 22/6

TERMS: 5/- with Order, and 5/- Monthly. Full on Approval. Catalogue Free.

J. B. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

HOME protection

"JOHN BULL" is far more than a fearless and independent paper—it is an institution. For example, it offers every reader the wonderful gift of Security through the medium of a Free Insurance Gift which is unparalleled in practical value. Here are some of the Benefits offered:

FIRE.—The contents of your home are covered against your most dreaded enemy up to £1,000.

BURGLARY.—Your possessions are covered against housebreakers and burglars up to £200.

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ACCIDENTS in HOME and GARDEN.—Up to £200.

SICKNESS.—You are covered against specified illnesses up to £10 10s.

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CHILDREN'S ACCIDENTS—£3

LIGHTNING (Damage to Wireless Set).—Up to £10.

YOURS—*for the asking*

10% Bonus.

A crowning achievement is the 10 per cent. Bonus, introduced in 1932, paid to all readers who at the time of receiving benefit have been registered for three months or more.

That Security which you now seem to enjoy may be rudely shattered some day. Avail yourself therefore of JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance Gift. Insurance on so comprehensive a scale would, if taken out through an Insurance Company, cost you at least Two Guineas. The forms are below. Sign them now. To-morrow you may wish that you had done so.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 28/5/32.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B. 28/5/32.

CASH THE COUPONS!

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.*

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

Had Psoriasis Three and One Half Years Healed by Cuticura

"I was troubled with psoriasis for three and a half years. It began with an itchy spot on my forehead, and spread from there all over my face, then to my arms and body. It was of a wet nature and most unbearable, especially at bedtime. I could not sleep for weeks and I was ashamed to talk with my friends at times.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample of each. I got good results so purchased more, and after using two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and four tablets of Cuticura Soap I was completely healed." (Signed) A. Duffy, 60, Front St., Gt. Lumley, Co. Durham, Eng., Oct. 10, 1930.

Daily use of Cuticura Soap, with touches of Cuticura Ointment as required, keeps the skin fresh, smooth and clear. Cuticura Talcum is fragrant and refreshing, an ideal toilet powder. JB

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

Get Rid of Acidity

Digestion cannot proceed properly if the stomach is burdened with acidity. A *rational* and *safe* means of freeing the stomach from acidity is provided by Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, made by Savory & Moore from a formula of the famous Dr. Jenner.

These lozenges are quite different from the ordinary ant-acid preparations, and contain neither bismuth nor magnesia. They owe their value to their remarkable power to absorb acidity. To sufferers from Heartburn, Flatulence, Dizziness, Palpitation (especially at night), and all the ills that arise from acidity, they are of the greatest possible benefit. They are quite harmless, having no effect whatever on the stomach itself or the digestive ferments.

A feature of the lozenges, which is attested by all who use them, is the *immediate* relief given, even in chronic cases. Their action is so beneficial that in a short time ordinary meals can be taken without fear of indigestion.

Boxes 1/3, 3/- and 5/-, of all Chemists.

A FREE SAMPLE

of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges will be sent on receipt of a postcard. Mention JOHN BULL, and address: Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond Street, London, W.1. JB

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Shod with DUNLOP tyres, THREE-SPEED GEAR CHROMIUM PLATED finish built by COVENTRY'S skilled engineers. Dozens of different Models including Racers & Sports.

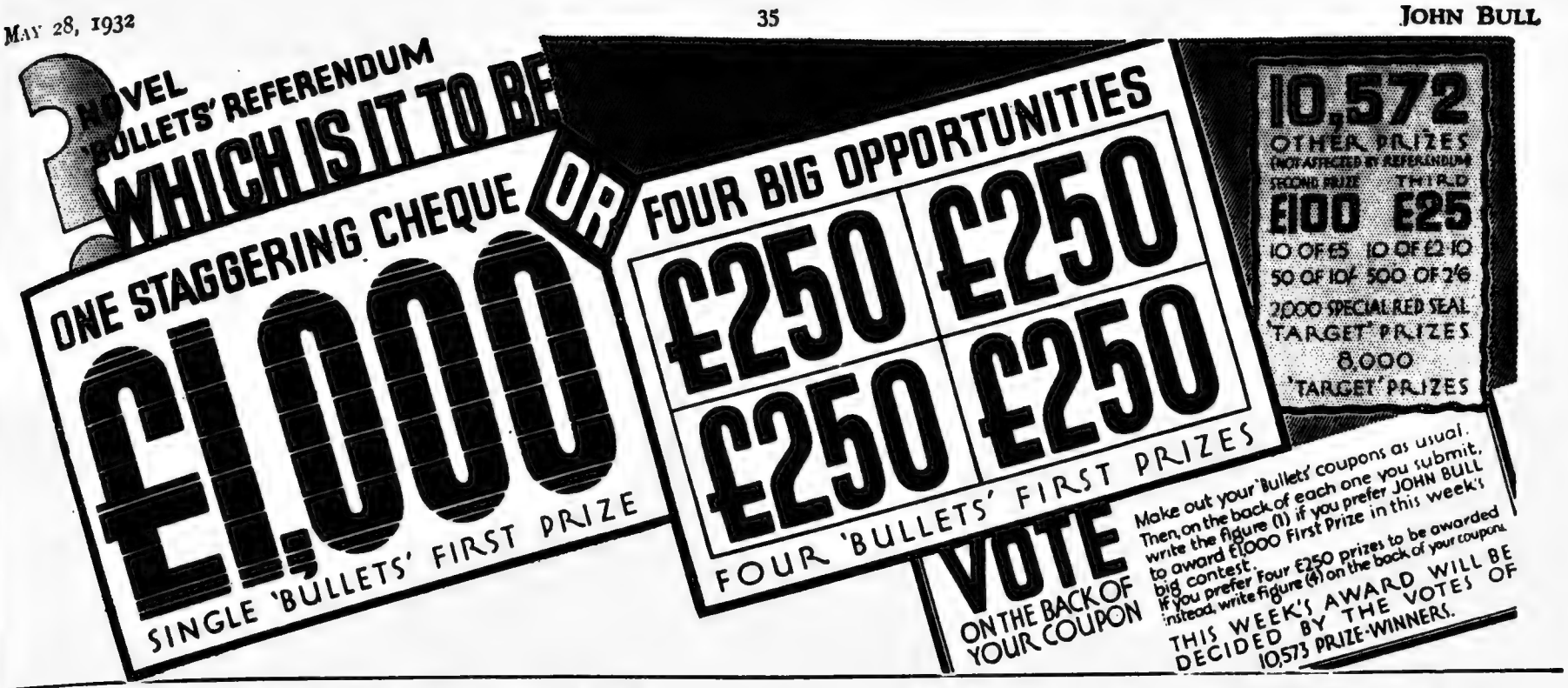
CARRIAGE PAID
A kit, including PUMP, TOOLBAG, TOOLS, BELL, ELECTRIC LAMP, CARRIER & REFLECTOR, FREE

Write for Free Lists NOW to the Briton Ltd DEPT 3, COVENTRY.

FROM £3.10s. CASH or TERMS

Turn to page 27—

and fill in the coupon in the "BERKELEY" advt. for illustrated Catalogue and full particulars of the Home Chair Model offered on easy terms. Home comfort can now be yours for 5/- down. Every chair sold under a guarantee. The first step: **Fill in the coupon for "BERKELEY" Illustrated Catalogue.**


NOVEL 'BULLETS' REFERENDUM
WHICH IS IT TO BE
ONE STAGGERING CHEQUE
£1,000
SINGLE 'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE
OR
FOUR BIG OPPORTUNITIES
£250 £250
£250 £250
FOUR 'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZES
10,572
OTHER PRIZES
(NOT AFFECTED BY REFERENDUM
SECOND PRIZE £100
THIRD £25
10 OF £5
10 OF £2 10
50 OF 10/-
500 OF 2/6
2,000 SPECIAL RED SEAL 'TARGET' PRIZES
8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES
VOTE
ON THE BACK OF YOUR COUPON
Make out your 'Bullets' coupons as usual. Then, on the back of each one you submit, write the figure (1) if you prefer JOHN BULL to award £1000 First Prize in this week's big contest. If you prefer Four £250 prizes to be awarded instead, write figure (4) on the back of your coupon.
THIS WEEK'S AWARD WILL BE DECIDED BY THE VOTES OF 10,573 PRIZE-WINNERS.

UNIQUE £1,287 OFFER—THIS WEEK ONLY!

ALWAYS first in the field with new ideas, JOHN BULL presents to-day one of the most novel prize-lists ever planned.

The first **£1,000** in prize-money this week is to be awarded as one cheque, or divided into four **£250** prizes, according to the voting of those who enter winning ***Bullets*** in this unique contest.

Which will you vote for—one First Prize—or four? You can not only help to decide the issue by voting on the back of your coupon as directed above, but one of the ***Bullets*** you enter may bring you a startling telegram from JOHN BULL on Friday, June 17.

Think—write—vote—post—and a fine ***Bullets*** cheque may be yours!

To make a ***Bullet***, first examine the ***Examples*** carefully, jotting down any rough idea which may occur to you. Next, condense this first idea into TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS which link up aptly with the ***Example*** and express your meaning in clear and unusual phrasing. Thus, suppose you are working on the *Example* ON HER FEET AGAIN, the added words CHANCELLOR'S "PUSH" PUT BRITANNIA would complete a ***Bullet***.

From the list of winning efforts printed below you will see that ingenious wording is half the ***Bullets*** battle.

Make a careful study of these winners, settle down to make some ***Bullets*** worthy of this fine prize-list, and see that your entry, with your Referendum Vote on back of coupon, is in by Saturday, June 4.

"BULLETS" RESULT No. 848.—£600 FIRST PRIZE!

Mr. JAMES BEARD, 77, Peasley Cross Lane, St. Helens.
Example:—TO BRIGHTEN BRITAIN
Bullet:—HELP—IT'S "YOUR PLACE."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. J. L. HOLT, 31, Mahfield Road, Fallowfield, Manchester.
Example:—Stinging
Bullet—Bureau Clerk's Reply—"Busy!"

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. W. D. LEWIS, 3, Vivian Terrace, Aberavon.
Example:—Showing The World
Bullet—"Backbone," Yet Modest—Britannia.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

A. T. CLARK, 127, Dorchester Road, Weymouth.
His Wealth—"Owns" Him. "Poor" Chap!

J. J. GRIFFITHS, 11, Northfield Street, Worcester.
Foolish Economy—Saving Police—Increasing Warders.

J. KNOWLES, 19, Hampton Road, Southport.
De Valera—Courageous—Judgment "Running Away."

P. H. MAHALSKI, 338, Windmill Road, Ealing, London, W.
What The Jeweller Said—On Sign, "—And Gunsmith."

Mrs. E. MERRITT, Ship Hotel, New Romney.
Endless—Days Doctor Daren't End.

A. J. PHELPS, 36, Constance Street, Newport, Mon.
Fairy Footsteps—Boss's—He's A "Demon."
Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

J. SCOTT, 60, Ravens Lodge Terrace, Dewsbury.
Light Of Understanding—Beats Diplomacy's "Little Understandings."

H. TURNER, High Street, Hawkhurst, Kent.
Weak Spot—Conceit—*Nothing* Can Penetrate.

J. WALLEY, 14, Malkin Street, Burslem.
His Wealth—"Roll" Not All "Jam."

Miss D. M. WEBSTER, 239, South Lambeth Road, London, S.E.
Fairy Footsteps—Time's, On Granny's Face.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

K. BEECROFT, 287, Devonshire Street, New Houghton, nr. Mansfield.
Stinging—Boss—But Pay's "Balm."

F. J. DAVIS, 6, Stanley Road, Southampton.
Weak Spot—In Father's Scaffolding—Beans!

Mrs. A. HARRISON, 61, Castle Street, Haulgh, Bolton.
Club Bore—Flattered—Everybody Offered Seat.

SENSATIONAL "BULLETS" OFFER COMING!

B. H. HARRISON, 100, The Oval, Firth Park, Sheffield.
Foolish Economy—"I've Tried Everything, Doctor."

A. HUNT, 29, Christchurch Avenue, Kenton, Harrow.
Club Bore—"When I—Why, Where—"
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Miss K. KAYE, 1, Park Grove, Huddersfield.
She's A Cat, So—Likes "Entangling" Cupid's "Knitting."

Miss J. LOGAN, Eglish, Clough, Co. Antrim.
Oasis In The Desert—For Father, Den's "Wilderness."

Mrs. N. MALLABONE, 42, Edward Street, Nuneaton.
Gives Me The Creeps—Militarism—Thrill, The Military.

D. MARSHALL, 13, Seamer Moor Road, Scarborough.
Club Bore—Takes Root—Talks Rot.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

G. RILEY, 56, Seedley Park Road, Manchester.
Light Of Understanding—Discredits "Outer Darkness" Now.

A list of 25 £1, 100 "Bullets Season" Tickets and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent Staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

"EXAMPLES" FOR COMPETITION No. 852.

FORGETTING BRITAIN	WHEN DAD GOES SHOPPING	GRANNY'S OPINION
ON HER FEET AGAIN	CLIMBING THE TREE	HEARD AT THE AERODROME
LEADING	MAN WHO'S BUSY	FOR THE BEST
TO BE FAMOUS	SATISFIED	SHOWS SHE'S MARRIED
COMMANDS RESPECT	TO BREAK THE MONOTONY	ALL WENT WELL TILL
IMPRESSIVE	DRASTIC REMEDY	GENTLE REMINDER
APPEALS TO THE CROWD	STOPPED THE FIGHT	TAKING COURAGE
OPENED HER EYES	WAITING FOR HER	WHEN SHE GOES HIKING
RELUCTANTLY	MY COMPLAINT	UNWRITTEN LAW
WE'VE GOT TWINS, SO	OUTPOST OF EMPIRE	PUZZLE FOR THE JURY
LAST REFUGE	A LIVING	

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____

(852) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
Closing SAT. June 4. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d Address_____

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____

(852) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
Closing SAT. June 4. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address_____

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____

(852) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
Closing SAT. June 4. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address_____

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____

(852) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
Closing SAT. June 4. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address_____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry:—"Bullets" No. 852, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 847 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Quarmby, Lapwing Lane, West Didsbury.

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE FREE "BULLETINS"

I enclose P.O. No.....value sixpence (crossed "and Co."), payable to "John Bull," to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets Bulletin," commencing with the next available issue.

Do not send this coupon with your Bullets entry

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

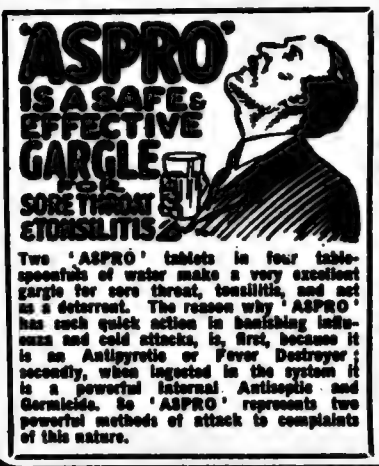
.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 19, SHORT'S GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2.

BIG FIRST and 20 RADIO SETS
NEXT WEEK IN BULLETS JOHN BULL

YOU CAN GET WELL BY THE 'ASPRO' METHOD

Many persons would be well to-day but for the action of some foolish individual who put them in the wrong mental attitude by suggesting that they could not get well. Nature's way is towards perfection, and YOU have the right to perfect health. Many "hopeless" cases only SEEM hopeless. Nature is the healer, but Nature unaided fails because the neglect of natural rules of health fills up your system with impurities. These impurities cause pain. The medicine you need to remove the pain is one that disperses or removes the conditions that cause it. A medicine like a dangerous drug that dopes and deadens the mind is the worst thing to take. 'ASPRO' stops the pain by a soothing process, and it does not deaden the mind nor harm the heart, neither does it create nausea nor craving. After it has been ingested in the system 'ASPRO' dissolves Uric Acid—and is a powerful Internal Antiseptic. Thus it attacks two frequent causes of pain and illness which may show themselves in a hundred-and-one conditions of complaints. THAT'S WHY 'ASPRO' has the largest sale of any medicine on earth—it helps all—its uses are universal. It should be in every home. WITH THE HELP OF 'ASPRO' you can start to get well to-day.



Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make a very excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and as a deterrent. The reason why 'ASPRO' has such quick action in banishing influenza and cold attacks, is, first, because it is an Antipyretic or Fever Destroyer; secondly, when ingested in the system it is a powerful Internal Antiseptic and Germicide. So 'ASPRO' represents two powerful methods of attack to complaints of this nature.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA

Marvellous for Bad Headaches

Mrs. G. Barker, of Cheltenham Spa, uses 'ASPRO' for bad heads and nerve trouble. She tried 'ASPRO' as a last resource and the results have been marvellous.

Doctor Advises

Mrs. Leggett's mother suffered from arthritis. The doctor advised 'ASPRO,' and she is deriving great benefit.

ASPRO
REG. TRADE MARK

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

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SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Tel.: Slough 608.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

Made by ASPRO Ltd., Slough, England.

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ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

USE SHARD BLADES AND SAVE AS YOU SHAVE

Shard Blades can be obtained from all Branches, of Boots', Taylors', Parkes, and Halford Depots.

Enjoy a new shaving thrill with the new Shard—the better, keener, longer-life British Blade! Made of high-grade Sheffield steel—only sixpence for four—with a money-back-if-not-satisfied guarantee.
See the Shard patent packet—from which each blade can be taken as easily as a cigarette from a cigarette case. Ask your dealer for Shard Blades to-day.

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Guarantee.—If your packet of Shard Blades does not give you complete satisfaction, send back the blades, together with the packet, and the name and address of your Dealer, and your money, including postage, will be refunded in full.

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All work in perfect harmony and ensure a holiday of a thousand delights. Come now!

A beautifully illustrated booklet, "THE BLACKPOOL HOLIDAY JOURNAL," will be mailed free of charge to all who write to A. S. Foster, Town Hall, Blackpool. Secure your copy now, and learn more about this wonder resort!

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RECORD £3,000 PRIZE WON OUTRIGHT!

Result of "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 104.

The only correct solution in this contest was received from:—

Daniel Jenkins, Lloyds Bank House, Llandeilo, Carm.,

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive a cheque for £3,000.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, June 7th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between the following 12 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £8 6s. 8d.:—

Butterfield, Mrs. M., 6, Stradmore Rd., Denholme, Bradford, Yorks; Hanley, G., 46, Marlborough St., St. James, Bristol; Mead, Miss J., 13, St. James Square, Boscombe; O'Hanlon, J., 12, Heytesbury St., Dublin; Pine, C., 16, Stoke Terrace, Devonport; Richards, F., 22, Victoria Ave., Fishguard, Pembs.; Sales, V., 52, Mahon Ave., Ravmarsh, Rotherham; Taylor, E. C., 19, Nelson Crescent, Ramsgate; Tribe, W., 4, Leyland Rd., New Cross, S.E.14; Walton, J. E., 13, Kings Terrace, Basford, Stoke-on-Trent; Williams, Mrs., 156, The Causeway, Petersfield, Hants; Worlin, G., 24, Wigan Rd., Dublin.

Another splendid X-word with a first prize of £1,000 and £20 to be divided between the runners-up appears on page 32. Try your skill now!

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STRENGTHEN YOUR HEART.
COME OFF THE DANGER LIST.

Blood Pressure Breakdowns are absolutely unnecessary and Arterio-Sclerosis is curable. Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get It Now.** (Prescription No. 1168/T). Prices 2/6, 5/6, 15/6.

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The Most Amazing Offer ever made by a paper to its readers.

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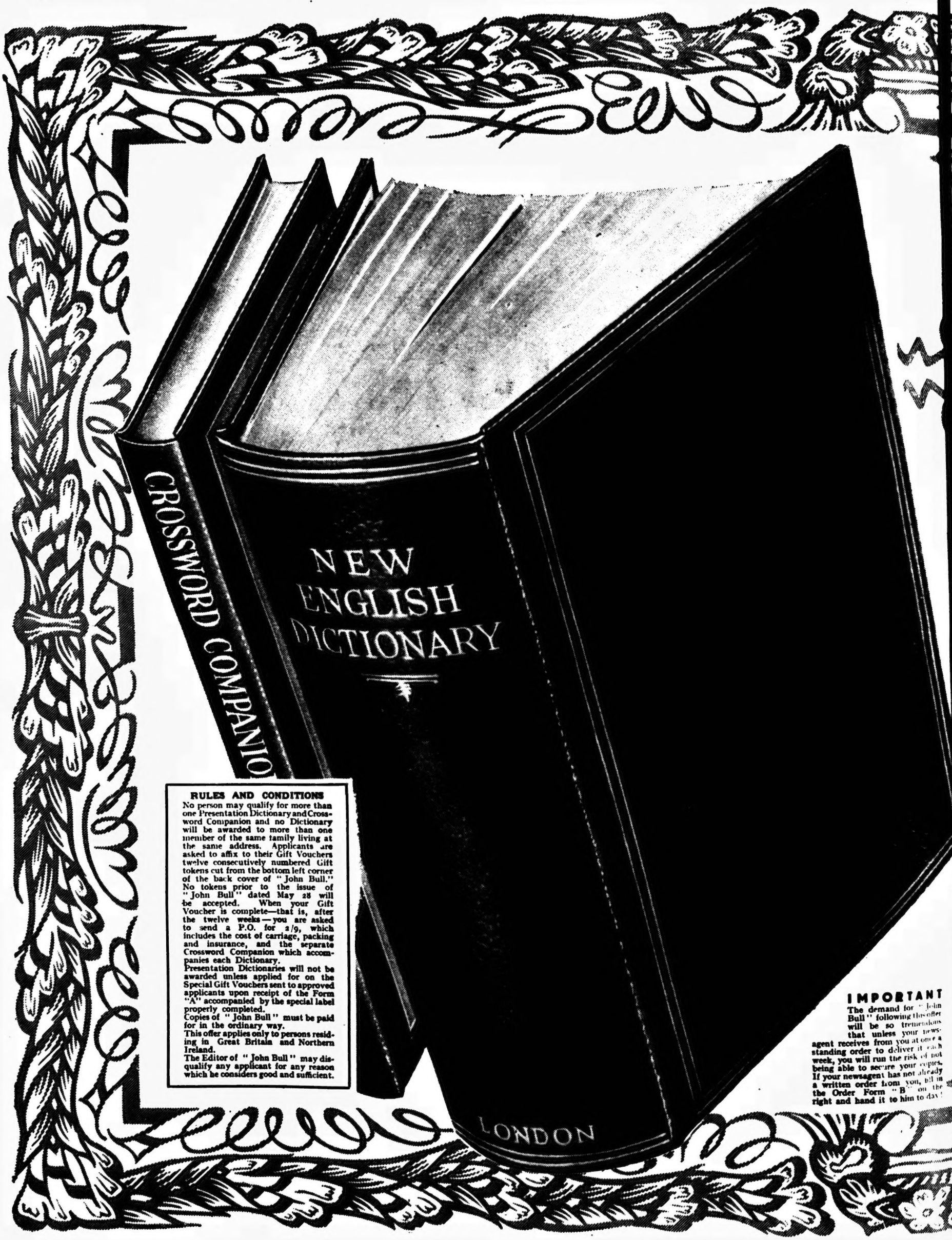

RULES AND CONDITIONS

No person may qualify for more than one Presentation Dictionary and Crossword Companion and no Dictionary will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address. Applicants are asked to affix to their Gift Vouchers twelve consecutively numbered Gift tokens cut from the bottom left corner of the back cover of "John Bull." No tokens prior to the issue of "John Bull" dated May 28 will be accepted. When your Gift Voucher is complete—that is, after the twelve weeks—you are asked to send a P.O. for 2/9, which includes the cost of carriage, packing and insurance, and the separate Crossword Companion which accompanies each Dictionary.

Presentation Dictionaries will not be awarded unless applied for on the Special Gift Vouchers sent to approved applicants upon receipt of the Form "A" accompanied by the special label properly completed.

Copies of "John Bull" must be paid for in the ordinary way.

This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

The Editor of "John Bull" may disqualify any applicant for any reason which he considers good and sufficient.

IMPORTANT

The demand for "John Bull" following this offer will be so tremendous that unless your newsagent receives from you at once a standing order to deliver it each week, you will run the risk of not being able to secure your copies. If your newsagent has not already a written order from you, fill in the Order Form "B" on the right and hand it to him to-day!

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Address .....

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Please deliver or reserve "John Bull" for me weekly until further notice.

Write your signature below.

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Write your Address below.

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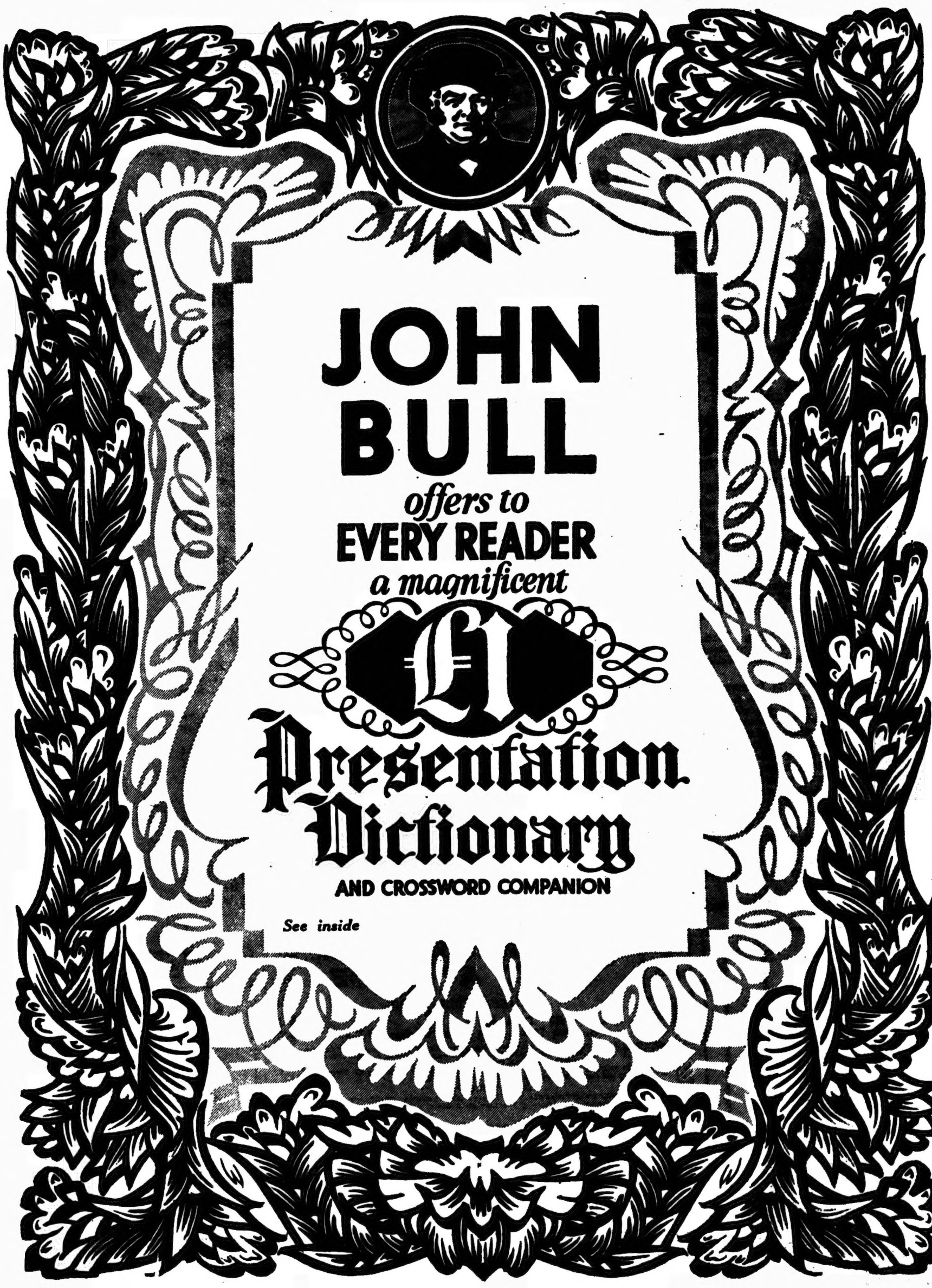
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.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